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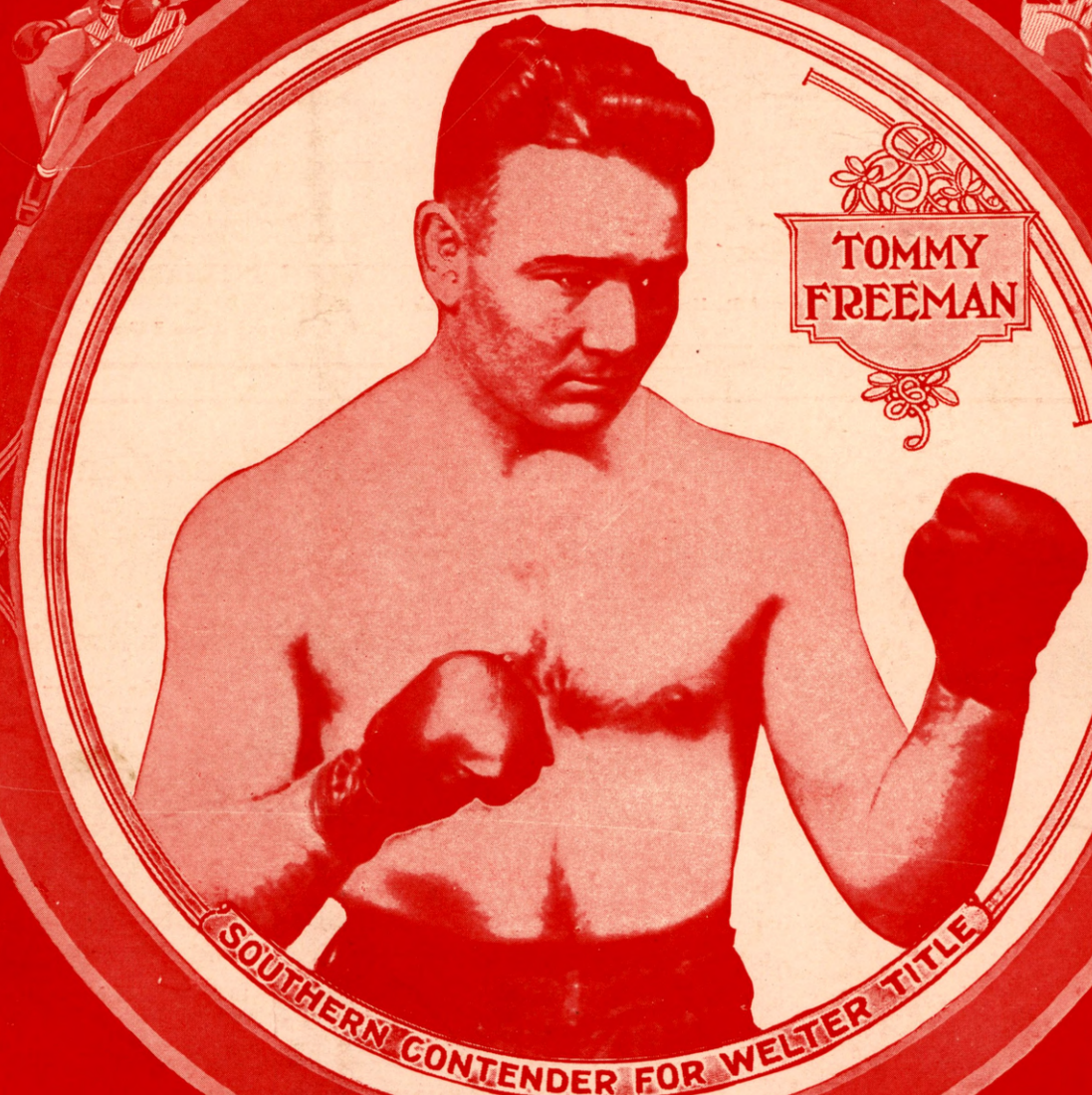

TOMMY FREEMAN

SOUTHERN CONTENDER FOR WELTER TITLE

15 CENTS

February, 1927

TEX RICKARD'S THIRD ANNUAL RANKING OF BOXERS

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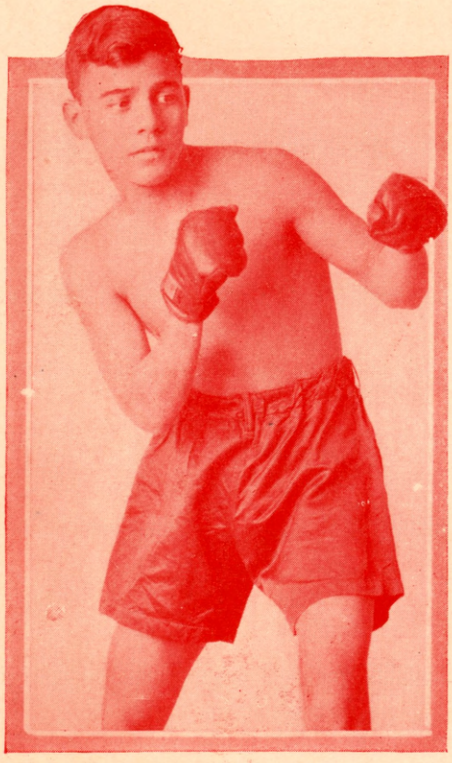

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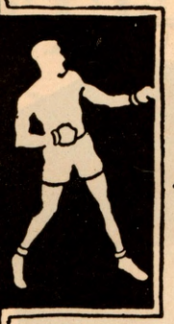

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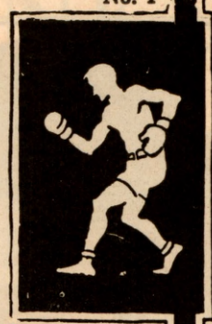
The RING

Boxing Magazine



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PR

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Fistic Stars of the Past Year

"TEX" RICKARD'S ALL-WORLD BOXING TEAM FOR 1926

Heavyweight — Gene Tunney, New York.

Light Heavyweight—Jack Delaney, Bridgeport, Conn.

Middleweight—"Tiger" Flowers, Atlanta, Ga.

Welterweight — Pete Latzo, Scranton, Pa.

Lightweight—Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ill.

Junior Lightweight—Tod Morgan, Seattle, Wash.

Featherweight—"Honeyboy" Finnegan, Boston.

Bantamweight — Charley Phil Rosenberg, New York.

Flyweight—Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles.

"TEX" RICKARD RANKS BOXERS OF WORLD ON BASIS OF WHAT THEY DID IN 1926

FOR the third straight year THE RING, in this issue, presents "Tex Rickard's ranking of the boxers of the world. These ratings were compiled by the New York promoter on the basis of what was accomplished in 1926. THE RING obtained this remarkable feature exclusively two years ago and Mr. Rickard has held to his promise to continue the work for this magazine annually. His ratings for 1924 and 1925 created more comment than any other articles on boxing yet published.

By GEORGE L .("TEX") RICKARD
World's Foremost Boxing Promoter
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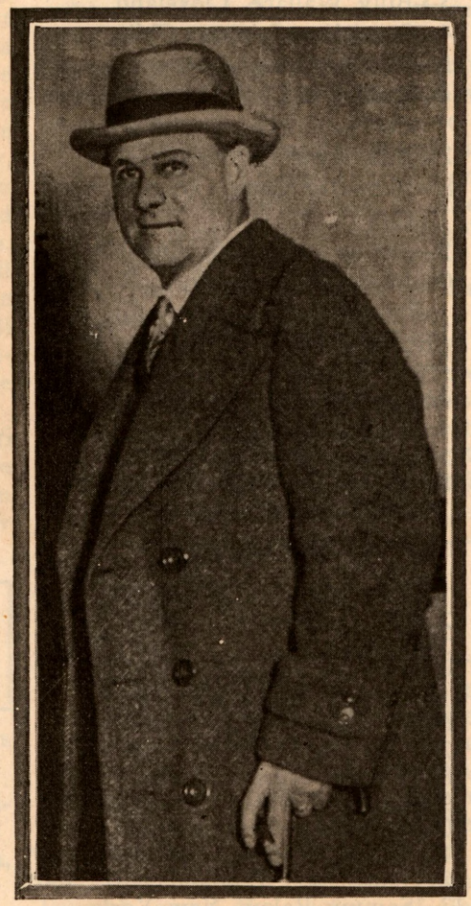
WHAT a year 1926 was in boxing the world over! It will be recollected that 1925 was something of a disappointment, and that in my ranking discussion just a year ago I said that there would be a pleasant reaction and tremendous activity in 1926. My prediction was fulfilled—beyond my most sanguine hopes.

It is an axiom in boxing that as the heavyweight situation goes, so goes the whole game. After all, the heavyweight class is the ONE class in the ring. There may be keener competition, greater speed, in the lighter classes but when it comes to universal interest, to record-breaking gates and crowds, you've got to leave the palm to the heavyweights.

In 1925 Jack Dempsey continued his inactivity and the result was a slump in the game. There was a demand for Dempsey to come out of his semi-retirement and defend the title. It was felt that once Dempsey signified his willingness to meet the outstanding contender, the entire sport would wake up. And that's how it turned out. Just as soon as the boxing public became impressed with Dempsey's sincerity in signing for a bout, boxing began to take on new life, new interest, new color.



George L. ("Tex") Rickard

AND when the year was finished, we were confronted with a record such as no other year in the long history of boxing had developed. No fewer than seven championships changed hands, the middleweight title shifting twice. And at the head of the list stood the wresting of the world's heavyweight laurels from Jack Dempsey by Gene Tunney.

1926 Proved a Record-Breaking Year

As promoter of that fight, and as storm center before it, through the insistence of the supporters of Harry Wills, who drove the contest out of New York, I could write a book about that affair. As matters turned out, my being forced to stage the contest in Philadelphia was a good thing for the game—and for myself.

We had close to $2,000,000 in receipts and close to 140,000 persons in the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia. I doubt if we could have approached that financial peak in New York, and we certainly would not have had that crowd in any arena in New York. So all's well that ends well.

(Continued on page 7)

"Tex" Rickard's Ranking of the World's Boxers On Their Records for the Year 1926

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Flyweights

1—Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles.
2—Elky Clarke, Scotland.
3—Frankie Genaro, New York.
4—Newsboy Brown, Sioux City,
5—Willie Davies, Charleroi, Pa.
6—Izzy Schwartz, New York.
7—Alex. Burley, Toronto.
8—Ernie Jarvis, England.
9—Black Bill, Cuba.
10—Joey Ross, Hoboken.
11—Harry Goldstein, Boston.
12—Dave Adelman, Philadelphia.
13—Ernie Peters, Chicago.
14—Blas Rodriquez, Mexico.
15—Routier Parra, Chile.

Bantamweights

1—Charley Phil Rosenberg, New York.
2—Tony Canzoneri, New York.
3—Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y.
4—Bud Taylor, Terre Haute.
5—Johnny Green, New York.
6—Al Brown, New York.
7—Chuck Hellman, Portland, Ore.
8—Davey Abad, Panama.
9—Dixie La Hood, Butte, Mont.
10—Archie Bell, Brooklyn.
11—Pete Sarmiento, Philippines.
12—Teddy Baldock, England.
13—Vic Burrone, New York.
14—Dominick Petrone, New York.
15—Tommy Ryan, McKeesport, Pa.

Featherweights

1—Honeyboy Finnegan, Boston.
2—Benny Bass, Philadelphia.
3—Chick Suggs, New Bedford, Mass.
4—Red Chapman, Boston.
5—Joey Sanger, Milwaukee.
6—Andre Routis, France.
7—Eddie Shea, Chicago.
8—Johnny Farr, Cleveland.
9—Andy Martin, Boston, Mass.
10—Johnny Hill, Philippines.
11—Sammy Fuller, Boston.
12—Sammy Dorfman, New York.
13—Eddie Anderson, Wyoming.
14—Al Foreman, Washington, D. C
15—Lew Hurley, New York.

Junior Lightweights

1—Tod Morgan, Seattle.
2—Jack Bernstein, Yonkers.
3—Babe Herman, New York.
4—Carl Duane, New York.
5—Al Winkler, Philadelphia.
6—Joe Glick, Brooklyn.
7—Ray Miller, Chicago.
8—Johnny Drew, Worcester.
9—Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill.
10—Jackie Snyder, New York.
11—Bobby Garcia, Baltimore.
12—Lew Mayrs, Baltimore.
13—Frankie Fink, Texas.
14—Doc Snell, Tacoma, Wash.
15—Young Datto, Cleveland.

Lightweights

1—Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ill.
2—Sid Terris, New York.
3—Billy Wallace, Cleveland.
4—Stanislaus Loayza, Chile.
5—Phil McGraw, Detroit.
6—Louis Kid Kaplan, Meriden, Ct.
7—Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D.
8—Baby Joe Gans, Los Angeles, Cal.
9—Jackie Felds, Los Angeles, Cal.
10—Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle, N. Y.
11—Spug Myers, Pocatello, Idaho.
12—Tommy Herman, Philadelphia
13—Sid Barbarian, Detroit.
14—Young Harry Wills, San Francisco.
15—Young Jack Thompson, Los Angeles.

Welterweights

1—Pete Latzo, Scranton, Pa.
2—Joe Dundee, Baltimore.
3—Eddie Roberts, Tacoma, Wash.
4—Tommy Freeman, Cleveland.
5—Georgie Ward, Elizabeth, N. J.
6—Al Mello, Boston, Mass.
7—Jack McVey, New York
8—Ace Hudkins, Lincoln, Neb.
9—Mushy Callahan, Los Angeles
10—Andy Divodi, Brooklyn
11—Willie Harmon, New York
12—Jack Hood, England
13—Sammy Baker, New York
14—Jack Zivic, Pittsburgh
15—Meyer Cohen, Holyoke, Mass.

Middleweights

1—Tiger Flowers, Atlanta, Ga.
2—Mickey Walker, Elizabeth N. J.
3—Maxey Rosenbloom, New York
4—K. O. Phil Kaplan, New York
5—George Courtney, Oklahoma
6—Dave Shade, New York
7—Joe Anderson, Cincinnati
8—Leo Lomski, Portland, Ore.
9—Tommy Milligan, Scotland
10—Osk Till, Rochester, N. Y.
11—Frankie Schoell, Buffalo
12—Rleentown Joe Gans, Allentown, Pa.
13—Jock Malone, St. Paul.
14—Joe Roche, San Francisco
15—Jack Willis, Texas

Light-Heavyweights

1—Jack Deloney, Bridgeport, Ct.
2—Paul Berlenbach, New York
3—Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia
4—Mike McTigue, New York
5—Young Stribling, Atlanta
6—Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo
7—Eddie Huffman, San Francisco
8—Yale Okun, New York
9—Martin Burke, New Orleans
10—Art Wiegand, Buffalo
11—Jimmy Delaney, St. Paul
12—Pat McCarthy, Boston, Mass.
13—Earl Blue, St. Paul, Minn.
14—Young Marullo, New Orleans
15—Matt Adgie, Philadelphia, Pa.

Heavyweights

1—Gene Tunney, New York
2—Jack Dempsey, Los Angeles
3—Jack Sharkey, Boston
4—Jim Maloney, Boston
5—Paolino Uzcudun, Spain
6—Harry Wills, New York
7—Jack Renault, Montreal
8—Harry Jerrson, Sweden
9—Knute Hanson, Racine, Wis.
10—Johnny Risko, Cleveland
11—Sully Montgomery, Texas
12—Sandy Seifert, Pittsburgh
13—Jack De Mave, Hoboken
14—Monte Munn, Lincoln, Nebr.
15—Artie De Kuh, New York

"TEX" RICKARD RANKS BOXERS OF WORLD

(*Continued from page* 5)

I want to digress here to indulge in a bit of "I told you so" as regards Wills. It always was my conviction that while Wills had been a great fighter, he had passed his peak and no longer merited consideration as a contender for the championship. I held steadfast to that conviction despite tremendous pressure, and insisted on Tunney's getting the call for the Dempsey fight.

Tunney Beats Dempsey; Proves a Revelation

THEY said that Tunney would be a joke, but the fight in Philadelphia hadn't gone one round before those who had doubted my judgment became aware of the fact that Dempsey had overstayed his leave from the ring and that Tuney was a far greater fighter than generally had been believed. Tunney won clearly, and took the championship.

Last year I placed Jack Dempsey No. 1 among the heavyweights, but only as a compliment to his prowess and not because of anything which he had done during the year. This time I place Gene Tunney at the head of the heavyweight list, and I do so proudly, firm in the belief that he is a champion worthy of his high place and the grand traditions of the title which he bears.

It is my belief that Tunney will prove himself entitled to a place among the greatest fighters of all time. Gene will be a fighting champion and will defend his title before he has held it a year.

The extent to which the year 1926 changed the fistic alignment may be appreciated best from a comparison of the 1925 ratings with those for 1926.

Leaders for 1926 in Contrast With 1925

Here are the leaders in my ratings for the two years:

Heavyweight—Dempsey, 1925; Tunney, 1926.

Light heavyweight — Berlenbach, 1925; Delaney, 1926.

Middleweight—Greb, 1925; Flowers, 1926.

Welterweight—Walker, 1925; Latzo, 1926.

Lightweight—Kansas, 1925; Mandell, 1926.

Junior Lightweight—Morgan, 1925; Morgan, 1926.

Featherweight—Kaplan, 1925; Finnegan, 1926.

Bantamweight — Rosenberg, 1925; Rosenberg, 1926.

Flyweight—La Barba, 1925; La Barba, 1926.

Dempsey lost his title to Tunney, Berlenbach lost his championship to Delaney, Greb lost to Flowers, who lost to Walker; Walker lost to Latzo in the welter division; Kansas lost his title to Mandell; Morgan retained his place as did La Barba, but Kaplan gave way to Finnegan. Rosenberg retained his position, but not exactly through anything which he himself accomplished. The bantamweight situation was knocked topsy turvy.

When the year opened it looked as if Bud Taylor would rise to the title, but his unfortunate bout with Sencio hurt him. Then we found Bushy Graham leading the procession, more impressive than Rosenberg. But as the year waned, Graham got an amazing setback from a newcomer by the name of Canzoneri, whom few had rated as a formidable antagonist for the contender.

As a result of this situation there is nothing to do but rate Rosenberg at the top for the year. It is to be hoped that he has learned his lesson and will keep fighting. But he seems to be having trouble making 118 pounds and probably the current twelve-month will see him follow the lead of others and place himself in the next heavier class. I always have been opposed to boxers punishing themselves by making unnatural weight, and it is with pleasure that I note the willingness of fighters to keep pace with their growth and advance into heavier divisions.

However, we have digressed a bit. Let us start our work of ranking the fighters, and open with the section over which Gene Tunney reigns.

Gene Heads Fine Lot of Fighters

DEVELOPMENTS among the heavyweights in 1926 were most salutary. New contenders arose and the activity became greater than at any time since the old days when we had such fighters like Jeffries, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Ruhlin, all at one time. Second to the Tunney triumph came the victory of Jack Sharkey, of Boston, over Wills, another surprise.

I would say that after Tunney, as No. 1, and Dempsey, who still rates No. 2 by a good margin, we must place Sharkey for that victory over Wills. Then comes Maloney, who beat Persson, of Sweden, after knocking out De Kuh. Paolino, Wills, Renault, Persson, Hanson and Rikso complete the ranking ten of the class.

This year we will see still another alignment among the heavyweights. Jack Delaney is to enter into competition in that class, and Berlenbach will come with him. It may be that the year will see another foreigner rise to prominence.

Perhaps Paolino has the makings of a contender. Then there are Scott and Heeney. Monte Munn, the Nebraska collegian, may develop his tremendous potentialities. I still believe that Munn has the makings of a real fighter. He is coming along.

I thought that we had the real thing in Persson. The big Swede impressed me as being of the fighting mold, and he is. But apparently he got going too late. Had he come to this country say five years ago, he would have developed into a great fighting machine. But he was brought up in a bad school over on the other side and neglected his punching powers.

As for De Kuh, I can't say that I ever liked him as a fighter. I don't hold out much hope for the long jaw in the heavyweight class.

Delaney a Worthy Holder of Title

AMONG the light heavyweights we had a salutary development in the rise of Jack Delaney to the championship, in a hard fifteen-round fight with Paul Berlenbach. Paul had weakened himself a bit in making 175 pounds, and I believe he would do well to place himself definitely in the heavyweight class. He is a great fighter, courageous and hard hitting—a fine attraction.

I rate Berlenbach second to Delaney, and since I am making my ranking on the basis of what was done in 1926, I can't see how that honor can be taken from Paul. Then we come to Tommy Loughran, master boxer, Mike McTigue, one of the sensations of 1926 following his being stopped by Delaney.

Stribling and Slattery follow among the leaders. You will note the passing of Georges Carpentier, and the entry of new names. Stribling was one of the big disappointments of 1926. He was whipped most decisively by Berlenbach and I think that the beating gave the Georgia boy a powerful

(*Continued on page* 8)

"TEX" RICKARD RANKS BOXERS OF WORLD

(*Continued from page 7*)

psychological setback. Certainly Stribling no longer can be regarded as a heavyweight potentiality.

This class holds out a lot of promise for 1927, even if Delaney does climb into heavyweight competition.

Flowers, and Not Walker, Tops Class

WE now come to the middleweight division. Mickey Walker is the champion, but I do not regard him as being entitled to No. 1 rating for 1926. Walker fought only one bout as a middleweight during the year and he beat Flowers to a close decision in a ten-round bout in Chicago. It would be peculiar to place Walker, beaten as a welterweight by Pete Latzo, as No. 1, among the middleweights.

I believe that Flowers deserves No. 1 ranking, with Walker a complimentary No. 2, as champion, and Maxey Rosenbloom, No. 3. Then we find Phil Kaplan, George Courtney, Dave Shade, Joey Anderson and Leo Lomski.

Shade was another disappointment of 1926. You will recollect that last year he stood out by virtue of having knocked out Jimmy Slattery. He was regarded as being of championship timber. But here he is, among the second five.

Latzo One of Year's Surprises

THE welterweight section is topped by a worthy exponent in the per- from Walker through a decision. Latzo is a fine fighter. His triumph over Walker was one of the big sensations of the year.

I would say that they should be rated in this order: Latzo, Joe Dundee, Eddie Roberts, Tom Freeman, George Ward, Al Mello, Jack McVey and Ace Hudkins.

Great as was the surprise over the defeat of Walker by Latzo, I believe that there was even greater amazement when Joe Dundee was knocked out in one round by Eddie Roberts, former Navy champion. I cannot overlook the fine progress made by Dundee during the year, and I cannot get over the impression that Dundee may be the class of the division.

On the strength of his knockout over Dundee, I must rate Roberts No. 3, though developments this year may prove that this ranking is a bit too high. Hudkins is an "importation" into the welter class, from the lightweight division. The Nebraska boy scored one of the outstanding victories of the year when he knocked out Ruby Goldstein.

I look for very interesting activity in this class throughout 1927.

Mandell Has a Busy Time Ahead

THE lightweight division doesn't seem to be able to revive from the blow it suffered through the retirement of Benny Leonard. It makes periodic efforts to show life, only to fall back exhausted again.

The year 1926 saw Sammy Mandell at last become the champion, but his victory over Rocky Kansas was not an astounding achievement. In fact, I do not rate it among the big fistic events of the year.

The greatest accomplishment in the class came toward the close of the year when Billy Wallace of Cleveland, knocked out Louis Kid Kaplan, who had forsaken the featherweight class because of the rigors of making the weight.

I rate the lightweights thus wise: Mandell, Sid Terris, Wallace, Laoyza, McGraw, Kaplan and Petrolle.

It may be that the return of Terris, now that he has patched up his managerial difficulties, will inject new life into competition in the class. Mandell is too complacent for a lightweight.

Morgan a Real Fighting Champion

Here's a class in which there's no doubt on what was accomplished during the 1926 campaign.

Tod Morgan belongs definitely at No. 1, among the junior lightweights, for during 1926 he defended his title four times, thrice in the short space of seven weeks. That's a record for this modern era.

In this class I would say that Morgan, Jack Bernstein, Babe Herman, Carl Duane, Winkler and Glick should be rated in the order named. There will be pronounced changes in this class, which really is what we might call a stop gap for heavy feathers and light lightweights.

I thought that Herman would make big strides in 1926 but he failed, through his lack of consistency.

Finnegan Should Be Rated First

AMONG the boxers who came up fast last year was "Honeyboy" Finnegan. He merits ranking as No. 1, among the featherweights. This class was left in rather scrambled condition by Father Time when he closed the books for the 1926 year. In fact, the feathers have been flying hither and yon for many years without being altogether settled.

The class, as it stood on December 31, would be ranked thus wise:

Finnegan, Benny Bass, Chick Suggs, Red Chapman, Joey Sanger, Andre Routis, Eddie Shea and Johnny Farr.

Finnegan beat Chapman, and Suggs beat Chapman. Chapman climbed among the feathers from the bantam division after his defeat by Graham.

It was a decisive defeat, too.

Rosenberg Leads Bantam Division

AS I said before, Rosenberg is entitled to No. 1, ranking among the bantams, but the class was a little off during the year. Now that Rosenberg has come back we may have an improved condition.

It will be seen from the headline which goes over this article that it is a ranking of the world's best boxers. But nearly all the men of the first ten in each class are Americans. I have tried to give the foreigners all that is coming to them, but I haven't been able to muster more honors than I have accorded to them.

I most sincerely hope that England and France and Australia will wake up and jump into the front rank of ring contention again.

As to the general developments of the year I would list them as follows:

1.—Gene Tunney's wresting the world's heavyweight title from Jack Dempsey in a ten-round decision fight in Philadelphia.

2.—The gate of $2,000,000 and the attendance of close to 140,000 at the Dempsey-Tunney bout, bettering all records.

3.—Jack Delaney's taking the light heavyweight championship from Paul Berlenbach in a fifteen-round fight to a decision in New York.

4.—Elimination of Harry Wills

(*Continued on page 12*)

Haunted Hands

A Tale of Hoodoos and the Supernatural

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE huge arena was in an uproar. From myriad throats in that seething crowd of more than 20,000 came the demand, "Finish him! Put him out! The old Howton haymaker!"

Fighting grimly under the fierce, white, hot light thrown by the tungsten clusters which hung over the ring were the world's outstanding contenders for the bantamweight championship, "Terror" Howton, the threshing machine from the plains of Kansas. and Pancho Ramirez, the cat like Filipino. Outside the big amphitheatre in New York wintry winds howled, but inside men clutched at their collars as the perspiraiton of excitement dampened their brows.

"Knock the spigotty for a goal," yelled the gallery gods.

The game Oriental staggered. He tried to rush into a clinch but his opponent kept dancing away, peppering him with jabs and punishing him with right crosses. The Filippino's left eye was closed. His lips were cut, his face a mass of bruises.

Battle Tide Shifts Suddenly

AT last the little fellow from the forests of far off Mindanao managed to fall into a clinch and got a precious few seconds of rest.

It had happened so suddenly. For eight rounds the brown, cat like midget from the Orient had kept pace with his antagonist from the grain country. It had been a terriffic encounter for bantamweights,—give and take, with few minutes lacking in furious action. They were battling for a chance at the world's title held by "Duke" Wellington, a creature of fortune and a fistic accident who did not rank with either of them. The eyes of boxing followers everywhere were focused on "Dixie" Johnson's big Coliseum in New York.

"Knock him out!" shouted thouands with the blood lust in their eyes. They would give no quarter.

In the corner of little Ramierz crouched "Hoodoo" Hawkinson, his manager. There was a frightened, haunted look in "Hoodoo's" eyes. A sickly, ghastly pallor gave his face the appearance of a death mask.

Hawkinson had developed and managed three Filippino boxers. One he had carried as far as the world's title. But all three had died at the crests of their fame and prowess. All three had succumbed immediately after severe battles.

They Had Called Him "Happy"

"HAPPY" HAWKINSON they had called him around Manila, where he was left high and dry soon after the Spanish-American War,—left to live on his wits and become rich in the wave of enthusiasm for boxing which washed in from the Pacific Coast.

But Hawkinson was "Happy" no longer. "Hoodoo" Hawkinson they had begun to call him after he had lost his second Filipino, Pancho Menendez. After he had lost his third Filipino, little Jesus Crespino, Hawkinson had vowed that never again would he manage or second a boxer.

The insistent call of the ring had proved too strong for Hawkinson. Now he crouched in the corner of still another son of the mixed Malay and Chinese strain of Mindanao.

Ramirez had knocked out the British champion. Many critics had predicted that his cat like swiftness would prove too much for Howton and that a Filippino would take the crown from Wellington. But Howton had kept rushing the Oriental and had made the most of his superior physique and strength. Ramirez had showed signs of withering in the seventh and in the eighth he had been pounded to the verge of a knockout.

Filipino Near Knockout

SOMEHOW Ramirez weathered the ninth and now came the tenth round. The bell,—and the Filippino advanced wearily, to be met by a smashing right under the heart. Ramirez swayed like a date palm in a typhoon. His eyes bulged as he gasped for air. Hawkinson threw a meaningful glance toward the boxer and held up a towel, but the Oriental shook his head. "No throw towel, alright," whispered Ramirez. They clinched.

The lips of the Filippino were moving, perhaps in prayer.

Suddenly Hawkinson became transfixed. Big beads of cold sweat gathered on his forehead. He had been thinking of Solencio and Menendez and Crespino. He never had forgotten the death agony of Crespino.

In the dark, far beyond the huge pyramid of light shed by the powerful arcs over the ring, Hawkinson saw the wraiths of the three dead Filippinos. There they were, hovering over the crowd. What was the matter with him? Nerves gone? He'd better leave that bad Scotch alone for a while and gather himself. This wouldn't do.

Crowd Insists on Knockout

"KNOCK him out!" came the cry of the crowd, with greater volume and insistence. Ramirez jabbed weakly and took a right hook which made his knees wabbly.

"Throw in the towel," yelled hundreds of ringsiders, sick of the onesided affair. "Remember Crespino!"

Crespino, and Menendez and Solencio. Good God. There they were, hanging over the crowd. Crespino still wore that gash under his right eye which had started him toward his downfall,—and death.

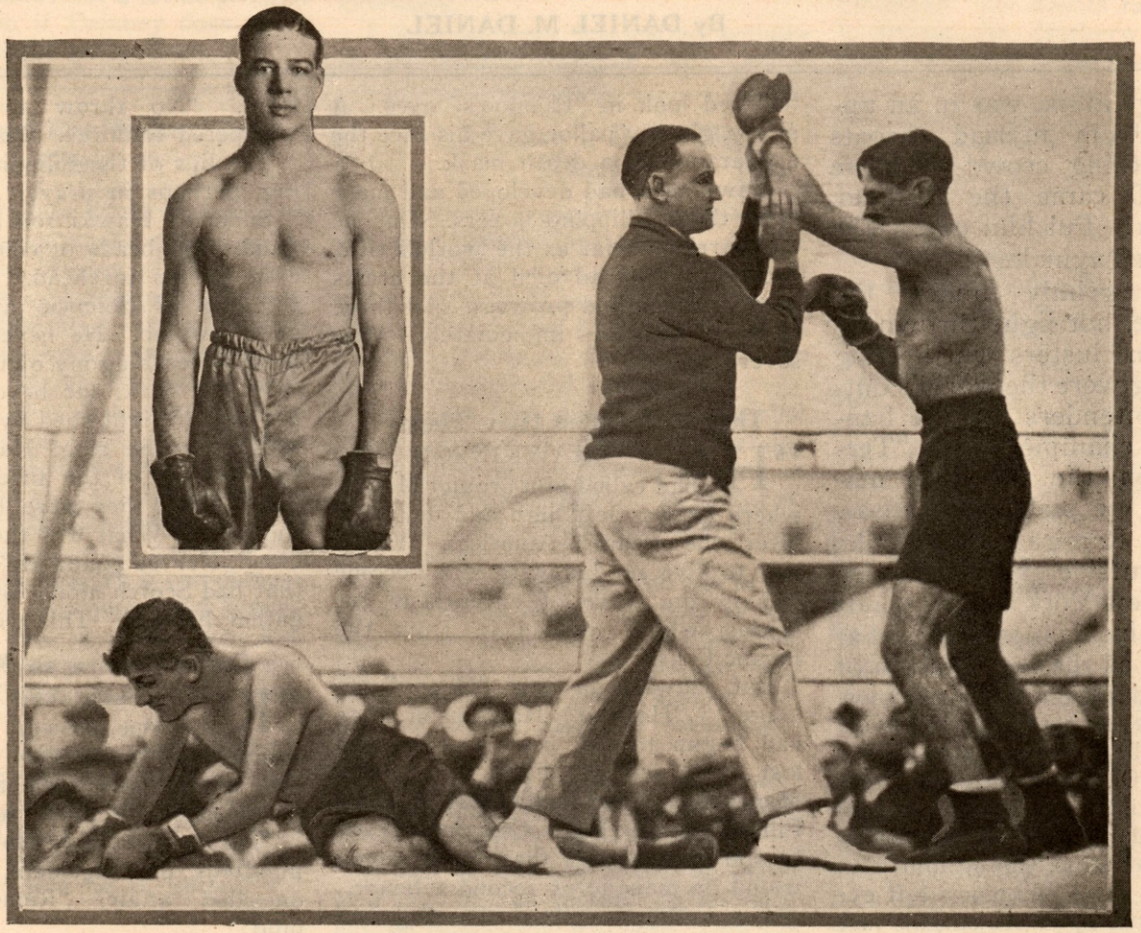
"Hoodoo" Hawkinson threw up an arm, as if to ward off a blow. He clutched a towel and started to toss it into the ring in token of defeat. But as he started to swing his arm and looked toward the ring, he saw a changed picture.

There had come a lull in the fighting. Ramirez was holding hard. A wan smile broke over his blood covered face. "Digger" Daley, the referee, broke them half heartedly, for he had been a fighter himself and he sympathized with the gritty little brown man.

Howton backed away, then waited. Ramirez braced for the expected onrush,—the renewal of the attack. But Howton began to move cautiously around the ring. He was sparring for time. Something had happened!

"What's the matter with 'Terror'

When Roberts Knocked Out Dundee



The above pictures show Roberts being acclaimed the victor over Joe in the first round; and a view of the Western sensation.

—Haunted Hands—

Howton?" the crowd asked. "Is he scared? Or is this just one of those things?"

Howton's arms were crooked loosely at his sides. He tried to strike forth but found himself making only weak, futile taps. A sort of paralysis had crept over him.

Howton's features blanched. His face wore that look of a man who just had seen Death.

As Ramirez had staggered under his cruel fusillade, Howton, too, had seen a vision.

While "Hoodoo" Hawkinson saw wraiths of three Filippino boxers, "Terror" Howton was being haunted by the faces of two fighters who had gone from combat with him to the grave.

They Fought No More

AFTER a gruelling twelve round fight with Howton in New York, Georgie Jeffords had gone to a hospital and in four days lay under a mound of soft, brown earth. Jeffords had left a widow and two children and Howton had done the decent thing. He had presented the entire purse to the family.

After a terrific ten round struggle in the West with Howton, "Blackie" Castellucci had been found dead in his room the following morning, victim of a cerebral hemmorhage. Howton had sent a check for $5,000 to the aged parents of the game little Italian.

Jeffords dead; Castellucci dead! Howton became the man afraid of himself.

As Ramirez staggered, "Terror" Howton saw Jeffords and Castellucci far off, at the edge of the crowd. They were pointing the finger of accusation at him. Howton broke into gooseflesh.

This could not be. Jeffords and Castellucci were dead. His brain was playing tricks with him.

"Knock him out!" the crowd shouted.

He Just Had to Win!

WELL, he would knock this Filipino out. If he were going to remain in the ring he could not afford to become chicken-hearted and allow himself to see visions like "Dopey" Weiphals who had taken to snuffing cocaine to ease pains of the ring.

"Terror" Howton struck forth. But

(Continued on page 14)

Ketchel, Bat Nelson and Terry McGovern Greatest Fighters in Ring History

BY JOHN R. ROBINSON (Discoverer of Battling Nelson)

I SOMETIMES wonder if an article like this can be written without allowing sentiment to warp a person's judgment. I do not think it can. A great welter was Jack Britton—but not the greatest. Yet Dan Morgan, who loved him like a brother, picks him ahead of Tommy Ryan—and Dan knows he is wrong.

A wonderful prospect was Luther McCarty—had he lived he would have been the greatest heavyweight of all time—but when he dropped dead in that Calgary ring, he had not reached the stage of development of a Jeffries. Yet Billy McCarney, who loved McCarty better than he ever loved any other man, picks him in his list of "greatest."

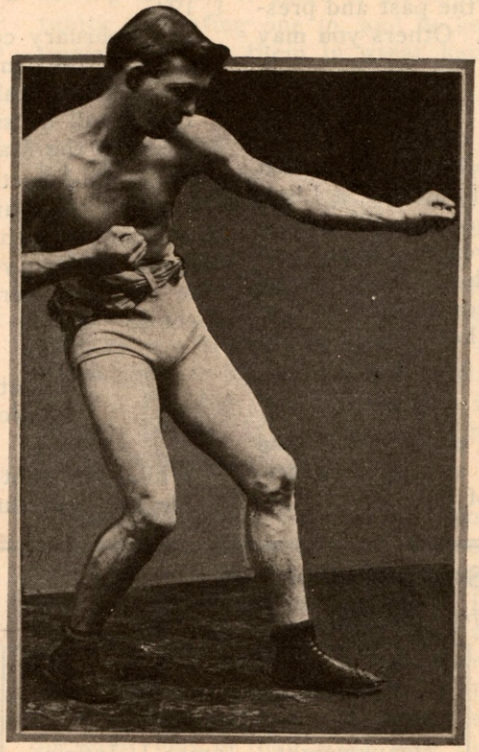
So in my list I pick two whom I knew and respected and admired. You may differ with me—I may have a lingering doubt myself. Indeed, one of the men I pick disagrees with me, but it cannot be helped. To me these two fighters were the greatest their class ever produced—they have spoiled me for the lightweights and middleweights, and in fact, all other fighters, of today.

Occasionally I go to a fight in these modern times. I see the champions of today—dancing masters, backing away, fiddling around, retreating before lighter and inferior men. I see Dempsey backing away from a second rate Frenchman; I see Leonard backing away from White; I see Jack Delaney backing away from the mauling Young Bob Fitzsimmons.

And then I think of the headlong, ripping, tearing Stanley Ketchel, and the plunging, doggedly-going-forward, slugging, lion hearted Nelson. And going back still further, I remember the headlong rushes of bantam Terry McGovern, and then I wander out of the fight arena and lose my interest in the modern so-called gladiator.

THERE never was a heavyweight like Jim Jeffries, as he was back in 1904. Courage that never was questioned, ability to stand punishment, speed, uncanny boxing skill, and a killing punch. He tops them for all time. Jack Johnson undoubtedly was the greatest strictly defensive heavyweight of the ages, but with Jeff at his best, defense on the part of an opponent counted but little.

Luther McCarty dropped dead in the ring in 1912. Had he lived, he would have been the greatest of all. As big as Jeff, a finer boxer, and with a far better brain, he had all the equipment. He had courage, could take a punch as well as give one, and had a boxing versatility and personality equalled only by McCoy.



Battling Nelson

Bob Fitzsimmons could fight both as a middleweight and a light heavy. He took on all comers. Weight never bothered him. He was a freak in build—shoulders and arms of a gigantic mould all out of proportion to his skinny legs. But his legs were strong—small hands eventually put him out of commission. Against the light heavies who followed him, and in fact, against all the heavyweight champions since Jeff, Bob was a two to one shot.

THEN comes Stanley Ketchel, greatest middleweight. There was something about the romantic Pole that made you love him, both in and out of the ring. A laughing, devil-may-care boy outside of the ring, with never a mean or vicious thought, he became the fiend of the gloves when the bell rang.

Ketch never battered an opponent because of hate, if we except Papke. He just loved to fight. He had color, personality. His punch was the deadliest of all middleweights, with the possible exception of Fitzsimmons. Ketch could take a beating, and never show the effects. He was the one great champion who "came back" and regained his title after being knocked out. I refer to his experiences with Papke.

When we write of Tommy Ryan we go back quite a distance. But here was a true welterweight who fought middleweights and even heavyweights. Will anyone who saw it, ever forget his fight with Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler."

Many folks pick Tommy Ryan as the greatest piece of fighting machinery of all time. I think they are right. The only man who ever rivalled Ryan, inch for inch and pound for pound in the ring, was Wolcott, and I believe Ryan's great courage would have defeated Joe, just as did Kid Lavigne's at Maspeth.

NOW comes Battling Nelson. I had Nelson in 65 fights, and he spoiled me for all other fighters. I never have managed a fighter since, and never will again—unless I can get another Nelson. He had no defense—only an offense. Handicapped at the age of 12 by two broken arms—Nelson never could button his back collar button with his left hand—he won a world's title against the greatest galaxy of lightweights of all time.

Nelson never was a great slugger—but he defeated the greatest sluggers of his day—Herrera, Corbett, Hyland and Hanlon. He never was a great boxer, but he knocked out the best boxers of two decades ago—Britt, Gans, Canole, Sims, Welch.

Pugilistically, he was an old man when he lost his title to Wolgast, who was just 21. Yet in the 40 rounds of that great battle, the Shaggy Dane never once took a backward step, never hit the canvas. When the referee stopped the fight Nelson still was pressing forward, strength almost gone, but lashing out with both hands in his courageous way, with the youthful victor running backward, content to win a title with jabs and counters.

Only one lightweight can be mentioned in the same breath with Nelson—Joe Gans. And if you ask Nelson today

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Ring's Identification Contest Starts with This Issue—See Pages 20 and 21

ON Pages 20 and 21 in this issue you will find photographs of well-known boxers of the past and present. Some you will know at a glance. Others you may not recognize so easily.

With these pages of photographs The Ring starts an Identification Contest. If you can identify the boxers depicted in each issue, you will get the choice of a set of Spink's 1000 famous sports stories, a Lind-Hendickson giant grip machine, Andrews 100 Years of Boxing, or an Everlast jersey sweater. These will be given for the correct answers to the 18 photographs in each issue. The contest will be continued for four months, and at the end of the period there will be grand prizes for those who have identified all the pictures—72 for the four months.

To those who are able to identify every one of the pictures in February, March, April and May issues, The Ring will present a cash prize of $25.

The grand contest will close at midnight on June, 1, 1927.

The February contest will close on February 15 for readers in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and on March 1 for all others.

There will be similar closing dates for the monthly contests in the March, April and May issues.

Study the pictures carefully. There will be no "bush leaguers" among them. After you have identified them write the names and the numbers on a sheet of paper, adding your name and address. Use only one side of the paper and write legibly. Then mail the sheet to

THE RING,
Identification Contest Editor,
No. 91 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

While the contest is on it would be well for the readers to save duplicate pages of the identified boxers.

GREATEST FIGHTERS IN RING HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 11)

who was the greatest lightweight of all time, he will unhesitatingly answer:

"Joe Gans. To mention any other lightweight in the same breath with Gans is an insult to the memory of Joe."

Sheer, rugged courage, as well as prideful honesty in the ring, marked the career of the Great Battler. Never was the breath of dishonestly hovering about Nelson. He needed no gunmen to fight his battles and he took on every legitimate lightweight that ever challenged.

Robinson's All Time Boxing Selections

Heavyweight ..James J. Jeffries
L. Heavyweight R. Fitzsimmons
Middleweight ..Stanley Ketchel
Welterweight ....Tommy Ryan
Lightweight ....Battling Nelson
Featherweight .....Abe Attell
Bantamweight Terry McGovern
Flyweight .....Pancho Villa

ABE ATTELL was the best featherweight of all time. He could punch, take punishment and was one of the five best boxers in ring history. The others were Jim Corbett, Griffo, Tommy Ryan, and Joe Gans.

I love to think of Terry McGovern as a bantam, just about the time he whipped Peddler Palmer. Later, when Terry took on weight, he still was a ring marvel. But no bantam in history could have stood before the dashing Terry in those days when he scaled less than 120 pounds. He, too, had color.

Pancho Villa, of lamented memory, was the best flyweight ever produced. He was a miniature McGovern, with a greater boxing skill, and even more color than Terry. He feared no man on earth within ten pounds of his own weight.

We never will forget the little brown-skinned fellow, smiles one moment, jungle savagery the next, ripping and tearing his way through an opponent's defense, lashing out with two deadly hands, fighting each fight as though a world's title depended on it.

What makes a great fighter?

The ability to stand at the top of his class, outdistance all opposition, give satisfaction to the audience, and carry the trust of all men every time he enters the ring. Not only the ability to batter his way through all physical opposition, but the iron in his soul to play fair with the public that supports him. He must give his best efforts every time he enters the ring, and withstand the thousand and one temptations which, unfortunately, the ring game offers him.

I have considered this in selecting my list. Some of the fighters I have selected may have gone wrong on a few occasions, notably Ryan, Fitz and Attell, but let it be remembered that all three came up from the depths, and when they finally lost their titles, they had made niches in the ring Hall of Fame.

RICKARD RANKS BOXERS

(*Continued from page* 8)

as a heavyweight contender by Jack Sharkey.

5.—The changing hands of seven championships, with the middleweight title going from Greb to Flowers, then from Flowers to Walker, who had lost the welterweight laurels to Pete Latzo.

6.—Knockout of Joe Dundee, outstanding welterweight, by Eddie Roberts; knockout of Louis Kid Kaplan by Billy Wallace, and defeat of Bushy Graham by Tony Canozneri, a new bantamweight contender.

7.—Development of Jim Maloney and Jack Sharkey, and the defeat of Harry Persson by Maloney.

8.—Defence of the junior lightweight title four times by Tod Morgan.

9.—Virtual collapse of championship aspirations of Bud Taylor, bantamweight, possibly as a direct result of the death of Clever Sencio, following a fight with Taylor.

10.—Death of Harry Greb, one of the greatest fighters of all time, from an infection.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PARIS, January 3.—(Special Correspondence of The Ring.)—Although many of the best of the French boxers have been out of the country for this season's boxing, the American promoter, Jeff Dickson, has managed to present to his customers at his Cirque de Paris and Salla Wagram arenas the best boxing programmes seen in the French capitol since the war.

Promoter Dickson has spared no expense to procure the best talent obtainable to appear at his carnivals from England, Belgium and Germany. He has been well rewarded for his efforts, as at nearly all of his entertainments it has ben a case of having to turn would be patrons away for the want of accommodations.

One of Dickson's attractions this season was a dual competition between French and German fighters in five different classes. The German boxers were fairly outclassed only one of the five managed to come through a winner.

A Likely Flyweight

ONE of his end year entertainments had several English boys fighting, one of which was Tiny Smith, a flyweight, who has been considered a very likely boy at his weight in England. Before coming to France to meet Pladner, who, by the way, is a real wonder, Smith had a draw with Kid Socks' who has considerable of a reputation in England. Smith was no match for the French boy, who clearly outpointed him throughout the ten rounds.

Pladner is signed up for a fight in England, after which he will probably make a trip to the States, and the boxing enthusiasts can be prepared to see an exceedingly clever youngster if he gets over.

Al. Brown, the American colored bantamweight, had his third fight in Paris against the European champion, Scille, of Belgium. The bout was at twelve rounds and the judges decided it a draw. Brown did not show to such good advantage as he did in his two previous fights, but he was up against a much harder proposition in Scille than he was in his previous battles. Then Belgium boy is a boy that is willing to take the chance of receiving a blow if there is an opportunity of getting one in, and he certainly can take them in great hape. He is a hard boy to defeat.

Biquet Is the Goods

BELGIUM has one great little fighter in Petit Biquet, a flyweight. He is known as the "Belgian Baby" and in England he has been a sensation. According to many of the experts that have seen the "Baby" fight he is a second Jimmy Wild. A match between Biquet and the French wonder, Paladner, may materialize in the near future. It would certainly be a big Paris attraction.

Phil Scott, the British champion heavyweight, knocked out a French heavy by the nameof Marcel Luneau, who is only a preliminary boxer in France, and not an extra good one at that. Some of the English sport writers were of the opinion that Scott licked a real fighter. One report of the fight had it that Scott won the fight with the first wallop, which was a hard right to the temple, then instead of standing back and admiring, as in the good old British way, he stepped in and demolished his prey.

Carpentier Rates Them

AT the request of French sport writers Georges Carpentier compiled the following list of the world's heavyweights in order of merit: 1, Gene Tunney; 2, Jack Dempsey; 3, Jack Delaney; 4, Jack Sharkey; 5, Tommy Loughran 6, Jimmy Delaney; 7, Paul Berlenbach; 8, Young Stribling.

Following these, Carpentier placed three Europeans on equal footing—Paulino Diener and Persson. Carpentier also added: "While placing Tunney at the top of the world's champions I am still of the opinion that Jack Dempsey can defeat anyone in the world.

Georges, just like Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, when she made up her best in the tennis graduation list left herself out, no doubt had in mind that he could knock the stuffing out of more than one that he named in the eight, out of courtesy left it for others to rate him.

It will be noticed that Carpentier ignores the British champion, Phil. Scott, possibly for the reason that he was referee when Paolino stopped the Englishman in Spain, and he knows about how good he is.

Hope of British "Nyvey"

DON SHORTLAND is the latest British heavyweight hope. Don is but sixteen years of age and he hails from Sheffield. He now weighs close to 200 pounds and is of good heighth. They are spoon feeding him in his matches at the present time, that is picking his opponents. He is taking on a couple of scraps a week of the spoon-fed variety and he keeps putting them away. Perhaps his easy victories will ruin him as a fighter when he meets the real articles.

Van Dyk, the semi-blind Holland boxer, defeated Albert Holmes, an English ex-amateur who has been doing very well of late, in a bout held in London recently, by a knockout in the seventh session. Van Dyk, although his eyesight is a bit dimmed, manages to put over the knockouts quite frequently.

Holland is turning out some good boxers, and they are in great demand in England. They nearly always put up good game fights, and that is what the boxing enthusiasts like to see, even if not of championship calibre.

Baldock Raps Yankees

TEDDY BALDOCK may be a good fighter, but he evidently lacks brains. He wrote home, according to several English papers, from the States saying that he did not think much of the American boxers. One of his own English papers on quoting him said: "Possibly that was the reason that he did so well in America, the boxers there being so poor."

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing.

HAUNTED HANDS

(*Continued from page* 10)

Jeffords and Castellucci remained out there, still accusing him.

The uproar increased. Those primordial emotions, the "killer" instinct among the excited onlookers, were being cheated and they would not have it thus.

Howton was faking! Howton was scared to death! Howton ought to be thrown out of the ring.

But the referee sensed what had happened. The "Digger" had been bantamweight champion himself back in the old days when a battle meant twenty hard rounds, and the pay was pitifully meagre.

Daley thought he knew what was passing in Howton's mind.

"Pull yourself together, Howton," he whispered to the "Terror." "Feeling sick?"

"Nausea" Says Howton

OH, I'll be alright in a minute. Just a little nausea from something that trick manager of mine let me eat for dinner," came quickly from the wily Howton.

He lunged with his right again—the famous Howton right. But Jeffords and Castellucci still were out there at the fringe of the crowd, still pointing those ghastly fingers at him.

Good God, he hadn't killed those boys! He had beaten them in fair and square fights. They had been beaten by others. He had done only what he had contracted to do, what the public wanted, urged him to do.

This would not do. It couldn't possibly be Jeffords and Castellucci. They were dead. Didn't he know that only too well!

He had become morbid. The best way out of this mess would be to hang the old K.O. on the Filipino and end it all. A victory would mean a fight with the champion. That artful dodger would not be able to evade him now. Yes, it had to be done.

Crashes Right to Jaw

WITH a superhuman effort Howton crashed a right hook to the point of the Filipino's jaw.

As the brown man from Mindanao toppled and struck his head on the ring floor—as twenty thousand shouting men and women rose to their feet and waited for Daley to begin the count, Howton saw Jeffords and Castellucci again. They were bleeding and battered now, and they looked at him with pleading eyes.

He had done it again! Surely he had killed the little Filipino.

Behind the corner of Ramirez lay "Hoodoo" Hawkinson in an inert heap. The knockout had sent him down as if he himself had been struck on the jaw.

As Ramirez crumpled and the look of life left his face, Hawkinson saw the taunting, accusing wraiths of those other Filipinos whom he had seconded in their last fights.

THE old "hoodoo' had got him again. And Hawkinson fell limp and unnoticed by his assistants as they strained their eyes and their ears toward Ramirez on the resin covered canvas, and "Digger" Daley tolling off the seconds.

As Daley counted and Ramirez lay just as Jeffords and Castellucci had lain in their last fights with the "Terror," Howton screamed the wild cry of a madman and rushed from the ring.

"My God, I've done it again! Christ save me. I've done it again! I've done it again," he repeated over and over.

They found Howton in his dressing room, with his head bowed in his still gloved hands, sobbing and praying.

"I'm through with the ring—through for good, this time," he managed to say to "Whitey" Graney, his manager.

"Why did I hit him that last time? Christ save me. I'll go crazy after this."

BUT Ramirez wasn't dead. It took half an hour to bring him back to consciousness and he was so battered that he had to go on an extended vacation—back to Manila and Mindanao—back to the Orient.

"Better quit the ring," Hawkinson wrote to the little Filipino. "You have a little money and you'll be respected as a rich man among your people. I have quit, too. Never again."

As for Howton, he would not be consoled that fateful, frantic night until they brought Ramirez to him in his dressing room.

The Filipino wasn't dead, after all. Howton laughed hysterically. Ramirez was alive—even smiling and shaking his hands.

They had to put the "Terror" in a sanitarium for three months. He came out with his hair streaked with grey.

"Terror" Howton, close to the bantamweight title, has announced his retirement from the ring. He owns a gasoline station and garage in a Mid West city.

Trying to Get Him Back

PROMOTERS are trying to draw him back into the arena with the lure of a rich prize. The public clamors for Howton to go back and get his boxing birthright.

But Howton remembers the accusing fingers of Jeffords and Castellucci back of the crowd in that big arena.

He cannot forget the inert form of Ramirez as the Filipino lay on the canvas.

Howton says he is through for good.

And he is! Sport writers will continue to predict Howton's return after the proper "ballyhoo." But "Terror" Howton never again will be seen in a ring.

Whadd'ye Mean, Can't Hurt us?

I DON'T care how high is Up, or what pussy means meow,
What causes the Northern Lights or who's on Mars and how,
But that Bozo in the fighter's corner who makes all that fuss,
Bv loudly wheezing, "Go get 'em Kid, he can't hurt US."

They dig their dainty digits in his dimpled dining room,
And frolic on his freckle farm, off his tea trap wallops zoom,
He kises enough canvas to go over the Covered Wagons
While in his lettuce listener he hears the same old braggin'.

His map may look like chow chow, he stumbles his stuff,
With that school girl complexion though in spots a little rough,
He has a skin they love to touch, it always seems in reach.
Counted "out" on the Thousand Islands, he could spend a week on each.

The Painless Dentist plucks your tusks, they rattle just like dice,
Then phones a gargle to sweetie, after packing the nerve on ice,
But of all the ginks who ever turned Sunny Jim to Gloomy Gus,
The Ninny who whinnies "Go get 'em, Kid, he can't hurst US."

Three Classes of Fighters, as they are Listed by Frank Bagley

By FRANK GRAHAM

"FIGHTERS of all weights are divided into three classes," says Frank Bagley, and proceeds to explain: "Those who are courageous have no nerves, those who are courageous but have nerves, and those who are not courageous and have plenty of nerve. That is, plenty of nerve to be around posing as fighters."

Well, Frank—or Doc, as he more generally is called—should know. Along the Cauliflower Highway they will tell you that nobody knows quite as much about handling fighters as this tall, sallow chap who peers at the world through a pair of spectacles fashioned in the maner of windshields. Doc has many fighters and may manage some now, for all I know, but his services are not limited to fighters under his management. Whenever a manager unskilled in the art of handling his man has brains enough to recognize his shortcomings on the eve of an important fight, he calls on the Doc and there is no record of the Doc ever having disappointed.

Fighters are as clay in Bagley's hands and he molds them to his will between rounds of red hot engagements. The fact that he may not have had more than a fleeting glimpse of a fighter entrusted to his care doesn't bother him in the least. He has that sixth sense, rarer than the proverbial hen's teeth, of being able to size up a fighter almost at a glance and he is well equipped to bring out the best there is in him. When a fighter working under his guidance flops, it is accepted as a sign that the fighter is hopeless.

Jackson Had Courage

"WILLIE JACKSON was an example of a fighter with unlimited courage and no nerves," said Bagley. "I know Willie better than anybody else, because I was his manager and I rate him as one of the best lightweights the ring ever saw. If I was pressed, I might rate him as absolutely the best, not because I managed him, understand, but because of the record he made.

"Handling him was a pleasure. He never worried about anything and, consequently, never gave me the slightest worry. Sometimes, when I'd have him booked for a match and the other fellow was going to fight, say in Philadelphia, I'd suggest taking a run down there to look him over.

"'What for?' he'd demand. 'I don't want to see him until we get in the ring. After the first round I'll tell you whether he can fight or not.'

"I took him up to Boston to fight Chick Simler, a tough boy, in 1917 and in the dressing room Willie got up a card game. He was a bug on cards and never missed an opportunity to play. Well, there he sat, his hands already bandaged and his bath robe on over his ring togs, playing while we were waiting for the call to the ring. The betting on the game got pretty stiff and the boys were in the middle of a hand when we were notified there had been a knockout in the semi-final and that it was time for us to go on.

"'Go ahead,' Willie said to the dealer, 'we'll play out this hand first.'

He Cuts Loose at Bell

"WHEN the hand had been completed, Willie nodded to me and started for the ring. From his manner you'd think nothing was further from his mind than fighting but as soon as the bell rang, he cut loose. That was one of the best fights I ever saw—and I've seen plenty. Willie brought it to a close by banging Simler through the ropes in the twelfth round."

"I had another boy a good deal like Jackson. He was a Jewish kid, too, and boxed under the name of Johnny Murray. A lot of guts, no nerves and no conversation—that was his make-up. The night he boxed Johnny Kilbane, then featherweight champion, in Philadelphia, he surprised me. We had come to the center of the ring for instructions from Adam Ryan, the referee, and Kilbane, with a grin at Murray, says:

"'Be a nice boy now and box pretty. We'll shake hands coming out.'

"Murray sticks out his hands.

"'We'll shake hands now and come out fighting,' he says.

"Kilbane turns to me and says:

"'A fresh kid, eh, Doc?'

"'Not especially, John," I says, 'but no mugg, either.'

"The fight was for six rounds, with no decision. The next day the papers said that if there had been a decision, Murray would have won the championship. He gave Kilbane the worst pasting he ever got.

Tunney Has Nerves

"GENE TUNNEY, now," continued Bagley, "is as courageous as they come but he's got nerves. Maybe you'd call it imagination. He likes to study the fellows he's going to fight, get a line on their style and then figure out a way to beat them before he gets into the ring with them. That's the way he beat Dempsey and that's the way he always won his fights when I had him. He's nervous before the fight but I never had any trouble keeping him on edge and once the fight starts he has his nerves well in hand.

"Mike McTigue is something on Tunney's style.

"Mike likes to plan his fights in advance and he gets around a lot, looking over the fellows he may fight later on. Between rounds of a fight, he always asks how he is doing and gears himself according to the replies he gets.

Here Bagley's face hardened.

"And, as I said, there are fighters with no courage," he continued, "though you don't meet many of them.

"I met one when Tommy McGinty called me in at the last minute to second Danny Frush against Johnny Dundee at Ebbets Field. Before the

(*Continued on page* 16)

When Jeffries Saw Stars

The Hardest Punch He Ever Received Was From Choynski, Who Just Missed Winning Crown

By A. D. PHILLIPS

RECENTLY, while looking over the report of a fight on the Coast, I read the statement that a certain young heavyweight looked like another Joe Choynski. This may sound well to the new crop of fight fans, the fans who never saw Joe in action, but to one who knew Choynski, saw him in many of his fights, watched him land his terrific wallop on Maher, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and a few others, such statements bring a smile.

Choynski, like Charley Mitchell, was light for a heavyweight. Joe seldom weighed more than 167 pounds, even for his hardest battles. Besides carrying a sleep producing wallop, Joe was one of the cleverest fellows that ever graced the ring. Like Mitchell, he was badly handicapped by his lack of heft, yet he was just a little too big to engage in bouts with middleweights. The only other heavyweight of his poundage in his time was Bob Fitzsimmons. But Bob had it all over Joe on height and reach.

I recollect distinctly the day when Choynski came within an ace of beating Jeffries, and had he done so Joe and not Jeffries would have been Fitzsimmons' opponent in the world's championship bout which Jeff won. Jeffries, after seeing Fitzsimmons knock out Corbett at Carson City, made quite a reputation for himself in bouts on the Pacific Coast. Choynski decided he could use Jim in his work.

He Had Great Confidence

Choynski never cared how big his opponents were for he seemed to be certain of himself and always figured he could emerge the victor. He had absolute confidence in his skill and punch. Three years before he had knocked Fitzsimmons flat on his back in Boston and had fought Bob a five round draw. Hence Choynski figured that he would have no difficulty disposing of Jeffries, the big Coast Boilermaker, and then go East and force Fitz into a match for the championship. Hence the match between Choynski and Jeff was made for November 30, 1897.

The battle came off as per schedule and Marty McCue, present New York official, was one of the principals in one of the preliminaries. Many New Yorkers were on the Coast at the time and it seemed that all of California was interested in the outcome as the test was a most severe one for their new heavyweight. Los Angeles sports came on in droves and bet heavily on Jeffries, while San Francisco went down hook, line and sinker on its favorite son, Choynski.

Choynski entered the ring fully determined to try for a knockout. As he weighed only 167, to 219 pounds for Jeff, he figured that a knockout would be a sensation and gain for him the fight with Fitzsimmons. Joe was skillful, and avoided clinches. He kept jabbing Jeff swiftly, circled around him, dodged the rushes and generally annoyed Jeff.

Down Goes Choynski

In the third round while Choynski was still looking for an opening, Jeff let loose a left that dropped Joe with a thud. He landed on his shoulder blades, smiled a sickly smile and got on his feet. He knew then that Jeff was not to be monkeyed with. Joe came back and resumed jabbing and shifting. Jeff, at the end of the eighth round, remarked that he never knew a man who could jab so accurately and so often.

Two rounds later, in the tenth—Choynski had his chance but fate ruled against him. Jeffries uncovered for a moment and Joe shot his right straight for Jim's eye tooth with every ounce of strength. The punch landed half an inch short and although it shook Jeff from head to foot, and drove his upper lip back between the teeth, wedging it apart, Jeffries did not go down. Choynski stepped back to see his rival fall, but was astonished when Jeff remained erect.

That took the heart out of Joe. For two rounds Jeff endured terrific pain and then one of his seconds took out a knife and cut the lip away from the teeth.

Jeffries in later years said that blow was the hardest he ever received.

As for Choynski, he had lost his chance and he realized it. He fought viciously and gamely but had shot his bolt and the fight went the limit of 20 rounds to a draw.

The contest made Jeff a big drawing card and earned for him the bout with Fitzsimmons which resulted in his winning the heavyweight title.

Three Classes of Fighters

(*Continued from page* 15)

fight, Frush is lying on a rubbing board in the dressing room and he calls me over to him."

"'Has Dundee any particularly punishing blows?' he asks me.

"'I see right away what's running through his mind and I says:

"'Listen, don't start to worry about Dundee's punches. Why, if you went into the ring with your hat on, Johnny couldn't knock it off.'

"But he wouldn't shut up and kept on talking about Dundee and his punches. I knew what was going to come o before we got in the ring. At the end of the first round, he came back and said he thought he had broken his left thumb. At the end of the second round, it was his left hand. A round or two later he complained he had a couple of cracked ribs. Finally, at the end of the eighth round, he was sure he hadn't, just as I had made sure sure he radn't, just as I had made sure he hadn't broken anything else and I says to him:

He Dives in Ninth

"'YOU haven't got a broken jaw now, but if you come back at the end of this round with another squawk, I'll break your jaw myself.'

"I didn't get the chance. He took a dive in the ninth round."

It is important, says the Doc, for a handler to watch his fighter's eyes from round to round.

"When a boy is badly hurt," he went on, "you can see it first in his eyes, which will roll upward. As long as they stay down, even if they're glazed, he can be brought around all right. I've picked many a boy off the floor at the end of a round and sent him out in good shape at the start of the next. Ice or cold water applied to the temples and the back of the neck usually will bring them around. Sometimes I clip them on the jaw sharply with the knuckles and the jar sends the blood back to the brain."

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WELL, the Merry Ballyhoo is on for a Dempsey-Delaney fight, and then a Delaney-Tunney bout—that is, unless Mons. Delaney is knocked over by Dempsey. Delaney's knockout triumph over Bud Gorman has made Mons. Jacques an outstanding contender.

They say that Delaney is a bit too light for a shot at the heavyweight title. Let us remember that Bob Fitzsimmons scaled not more than 172 pounds, and possibly less, when he knocked out Jim Corbett at Carson City.

Incidentally, that's a touchy point with Corbett. He resents statements broadcast from time to time that Fitz scaled only 166 *pounds at Carson.*

A Rough Year Indeed!

WHAT a year that rough and tough 1926 was! Just imagine Tony Canzoneri beating Bushy Graham in the Garden!

Now Charley Rosenberg has postponed his meeting with Graham to next month. Rosenberg is going to have a hard time making 118 pounds, and nobody knows that better than Mr. Rosenberg.

Boxing is in none too stable a state in New York, what with politics messing up the situation. But it will straighten itself out and continue bigger and better than ever.

Snicker at the Ball Players

THE recent messes in major league baseball have been producing a lot of laughs among boxers and promoters. "Well, you don't need nine men to slough a fight," chuckled Cuba Jones as he put some extra padding into his trunks where he is accustomed to sit down.

"Tex" Rickard, accompanied by a large escort, went all the way from New York to St. Louis to talk to Tunney about a Delaney match. In the old days the boys would have gone down to Harry Hills or McGuirk's on the Bowery and would have arranged the details there, at no great expense. Are we going backward or forward?

What has become of the old-fashioned heavyweights who fought in bar rooms while discussing their more public matches?

Tempus Does Fugit

TIMES change! Not so long ago Jack Dempsey was the modern Nonpareil. Now the boys talk of a Dempsey-Delaney match and THEN a Delaney-Tunney scrap. The inference is that Dempsey would be just a stepping stone for Delaney to a Tunney match!

We note that Sid Terris has come back to the wars. The manner in which this young man has been wasted is a most deplorable thing for the ring and for Terris. We hope he gets to work and takes the place which belongs to him.

Sweden is not to have a world's heavyweight champion after all. Jim Maloney knocked Harry Persson's dream into a terrible nightmare. Jim all but knocked the Swede into the arms of the pretty lady which Harry has tattooed on his chest.

The Scandinavian threat, from Persson and Hansen, has been dissipated. Now for the Spanish-French threat from Paolino, and the British influence. Tunney need lose no sleep on account of foreign aggression.

Digging Up a "Live One"

CUBA got all het up because Paolino knocked out an hombre by the name of O'Grady in the first round. The promoter who dug up O'Grady for that so called fight could have done just as well in any cemetery around Havana. And the importance of a Paolino "victory" would have been just the same.

After watching Paolino train for a while in a New York gymnasium recently, Leo Gates, who never has beaten Dempsey or Tunney or any other good man, exclaimed: "Boy, let me at this bird. What a cinch!" If Leo thinks so, what do the real ones opine?

It looks as if we are to have a one-man Boxing Commission in New York. Too bad. But if we must, Jim Farley is the ideal man.

Muldoon Has His Say

"THE modern fighters have it all over the old timers," says Bill Muldoon, who trained Sullivan and has seen them come and go for many years. Muldoon seems to be right, but you'll have a hard time convincing the Old Brigade, which thinks that boxing died when Jim Corbett knocked out John L. at New Orleans.

Before the Old Boys grab their pens and begin to swell the mails, let us explain that we are casting no aspersions on Sullivan, still the Beau Ideal as a fighting man.

What has become of the old fashioned fighter who thought that "King Richard" was the name of a brand of Scotch?

What would have happened to the modern Gladiator in the old days if he had appeared on the Bowery in golf knickers and a bright hued sweater?

The Coroner would have announced "Justifiable Homicide!"

The Last Fight

By ROBERT HAYWARD

THIS is the tale the Champion told,
In his halls asheen with purple and gold.
Told with a sigh and perchance with a tear,
As the rough soul showed through cracked veneer,
Told as he gazed on his walls thereby,
Where the gloves and trophies were hung on high,
With a rude little print, in a frame between,
'Twas a picture of him, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION.

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Death of McCaffrey Recalls Fight With Sullivan Before Record Crowd

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

"A CHAMPION cannot lose his title except in the ring," is a slogan broadcast by former titleholders, who for various reasons have lost their pugilistic crowns. The fallacious character of these claims is proven by the fact that ever since boxing began and up to the present day champions have lost their titles through forfeiture, due to failure to cover deposits by challengers and also for inability to make the required weight.

But in the case of the mighty John L. Sullivan, he was defeated on two occasions, when he went into the ring in defense of his title, and in a third instance he retained his title through the willingness of his opponent to consent to a draw for a consideration.

Sullivan's immunity to ring rules was due to the fact that there was no governing body to enforce regulations in the case of the Boston strong boy, and he and his followers and handlers did as they pleased. It does not follow that Sullivan did not know the rules or that he was ignorant of the injustice done through his illegal actions. Sullivan was a boisterous person but was not lacking in intelligence.

McCaffrey Really Won

WITHOUT doubt the greatest sufferer as a result of the Sullivan ring dynasty was Dominick McCaffrey, light heavyweight, of Pittsburgh, who fairly won the title from Sullivan in a bout in Chester Driving Park, Cincinnati, on August 29, 1885. This was less than three years from the time that Sullivan took the title of American champion from the hopelessly incompetent Paddy Ryan, and Sullivan was by no means the physical wreck that entered the ring with Jim Corbett seven years later. In fact Sullivan was at his best when he faced McCaffrey on that torrid August day before 35,000 persons in the Cincinnati race course.

The Sullivan-McCaffrey fight came back to mind recently, when McCaffrey died in Pittsburgh at the age of 63. He was a fine fighter in his day, and a hale, robust figure in the day of his demise.

Went Seven Rounds

THE record books set forth that Sullivan won the contest and that it lasted six rounds, but McCaffrey once told us that the bout went seven rounds and that Sullivan refused to come out of his corner for the eighth round. This despite the fact that the articles of agreement called for "six rounds, or, to a finish." The record books declare that Bill Tate, the referee, left the ring without giving a decision, which was a flagrant violation of London and Queensberry rules, requiring a prompt decision by the referee. Tate went to his home in Toledo and two days after the bout sent out word through the newspapers that Sullivan was the winner. Here is the statement made by McCaffrey as to the contest:

"As the arrangements called for six rounds or to a finish, and as Sullivan had much the worst of the going at the end of the sixth we started the seventh. I had all the best of the seventh and was fresh and strong when Referee Tate called us for the eighth. Sullivan did not come out of his corner and while I urged him to respond he said something about having 'done enough fighting for the day.' I, of course, thought that Sullivan's refusal to respond to the call of time by the referee disqualified him, and gave me the decision, title and gate, as it was agreed that the winner of the bout would take all.

Tate Declined Decision

"REFEREE TATE, however, refused to make a decision, and during the wrangling he sneaked out of the ring and went to his home in Toledo. Even so, neither I nor any of my supporters thought for an instant that Tate would do anything except declare me the winner. Imagine my consternation when, three days later, Tate announced that Sullivan had won the bout. This saved Sullivan's title and gave him the large amount of money that was taken in. George Campbell, manager of the Chester Driving Park, told me that I had fairly and honestly won the fight, and he gave me a consolation purse of $1,000. We had no relief from the decision of the referee, as the articles of agreement bound us to abide by his decision. Of course the rules declare that the referee's decision was irrevocable, but they also declare it must be made promptly. So far as the fight is concerned, Sullivan never had a chance.

"I knew his style and when he rushed at me I simply sidestepped and then peppered him with jabs and hooks when he was off balance. I weighed 165 pounds that day and Sullivan scaled 212. I realized that it would be unwise for me to stand up and swap punches with him, so I combined cleverness with jabs and hooks. He kept snarling at me that I was in for a licking, but that sort of jabber did not worry me, and the longer the bout went the greater was my advantage. Sullivan was a much worried man at the end of the seventh round and evidently believed he could not beat me and decided to chuck it."

McCaffrey Beat Mitchell

THE match between Sullivan and McCaffrey was directly due to the Pitsburgher's defeat of Charley Mitchell in Madison Square Garden, October 13, 1884, the Briton then being on the trail of the great John L. and causing him considerable worriment by scoring a clean knockdown in the Garden ring on May 14, 1883.

McCaffrey's manager at the time the match with Sullivan was arranged was Macon McCormick, a noted writer on sports, who had reached the conclusion that McCaffrey, a speedy boxer, a punishing hitter and full of courage, was just the man to defeat Sullivan. At this time Charley Mitchell was trying to get Sullivan to agree to a meeting with bare hands in Europe,

(*Continued on page* 19)

but the mighty John L. told Mitchell to "get a reputation," and the Briton picked McCaffrey as the person by whipping whom he would gain renown and a match with Sullivan. But McCaffrey upset temporarily the plans of Mitchell and got the decision over the Englishman. Macon McCormick saw the point and pressed the advantage thus gained by demanding a match with the American champion.

Sullivan and his advisers accepted the challenge, and were so confident that John L. would make short work of McCaffrey that they insisted on "six rounds or to a finish," and "winner take all." It was the expectation of the Sullivan crowd that the titleholder would stop McCaffrey well inside of six rounds, but failing to do so, the bout could go along until such time as the great Bostonian decided to end the career and hopes of the Pittsburger. But the Sullivan Board of Strategy certainly did not expect Sullivan to quit at the end of seven rounds.

Set Attendance Record

THE attendance at the Sullivan-McCaffrey bout was without doubt the largest in the history of pugilism up to that time. The figures gave the number of persons at 35,000, and how Campbell, the manager of the track, managed to bring off the affair without police interference is a mystery. He doubtless had it announced that it was to be a "scientific exhibition for points." But in any event Sullivan and the men who handled him in those days were the real rulers of boxing in America, and when they exerted their influence it was usually effective.

The amount of money taken in at the gate was announced as $100,000, the largest receipts up to that time. As McCaffrey states, he did not receive a penny of the gate receipts, and only for the decency of Manager Campbell the winner would have gone away in debt for his training expenses. The treatment of McCaffrey by Sullivan and his crowd was contemptible in the extreme. McCaffrey is sill alive and holds a position in the park police force in Pittsburgh.

McCaffrey tried hard to get another bout with Sullivan for the title, but the champion ignored the man who beat him at Cincinnati. Referee Tate's decision was the most outrageous in the history of pugilism, but there was no appeal board, and the Sullivan cohorts were strong enough to smother any indignant ouburst.

Cardiff Also Beat Him

ANOTHER occasion on which Sullivan lost a decision and his title was when he met Patsy Cardiff in Minneapolis, January 18, 1887. Cardiff was a big, rough chap and was not a bit afraid of the champion. Patsy made a lively fight from the first bell and was having decidedly the better of the argument when the sixth round ended. Evidently Sullivan did not care much for a continuation of the battle, as it was announced that he had broken his arm and could not resume hostilities. The name of the referee was not included in the record of the contest, but he must have been an official of the Tate stripe, for he declared the bout a "draw."

Under the rules a boxer unable to continue through injury to himself is declared the loser. Sullivan and his advisers insisted that John L. "broke" his arm on Cardiff's hard head, but if his arm was "broken" Sullivan's recovery from the injury was the quickest on record.

Many a boxer accidentally disabled during a bout has been decided against, and in one instance a fighter lost his title because he could not continue. Solly Smith, who defeated George Dixon in a twenty-round bout in San Francisco, and won the featherweight title, was later matched with Dave Sullivan, the bout taking place at Coney Island. Smith hurt one of his arms during the combat and was compelled to retire, and the decision and title went to Sullivan. But David did not keep it very long, as George Dixon stopped Sullivan in eleven rounds and regained the championship, thus taking rank with Ketchel in the recovery of a title after losing it.

Got Draw with Mitchell

IN his battle with Mitchell in France in 1888, Sullivan seemed on the way to a defeat when Harry Phillips, one of the Strong Boy's many managers, induced Mitchell's handlers to consent to a draw, for a consideration of $2,500. Under London rules, which governed this fight, the principals were permitted to agree to a draw if weather conditions or darkness prevented continuance. But the rules also provided that the referee was empowered to call the fighters together to finish the dispute at a later date. B. J. Angle, a noted English referee, was the third man in the ring at Chantilly, and although he tried hard to get Sullivan to resume the battle with Mitchell, who was eager for the meeting, Sullivan was too busy to obey the call.

During this bout a fine rain fell most of the time and some of the historians have called attention to the fact that poor Sullivan was chilled to the marrow. When this was brought to the attention of Mitchell he inquired why Sullivan did not wear a raincoat. Sullivan's best ring performance was against Kilrain in 1889, and the Boston Boy's victory was due entirely to the fact that he had been TAMED and TRAINED by William Muldoon,

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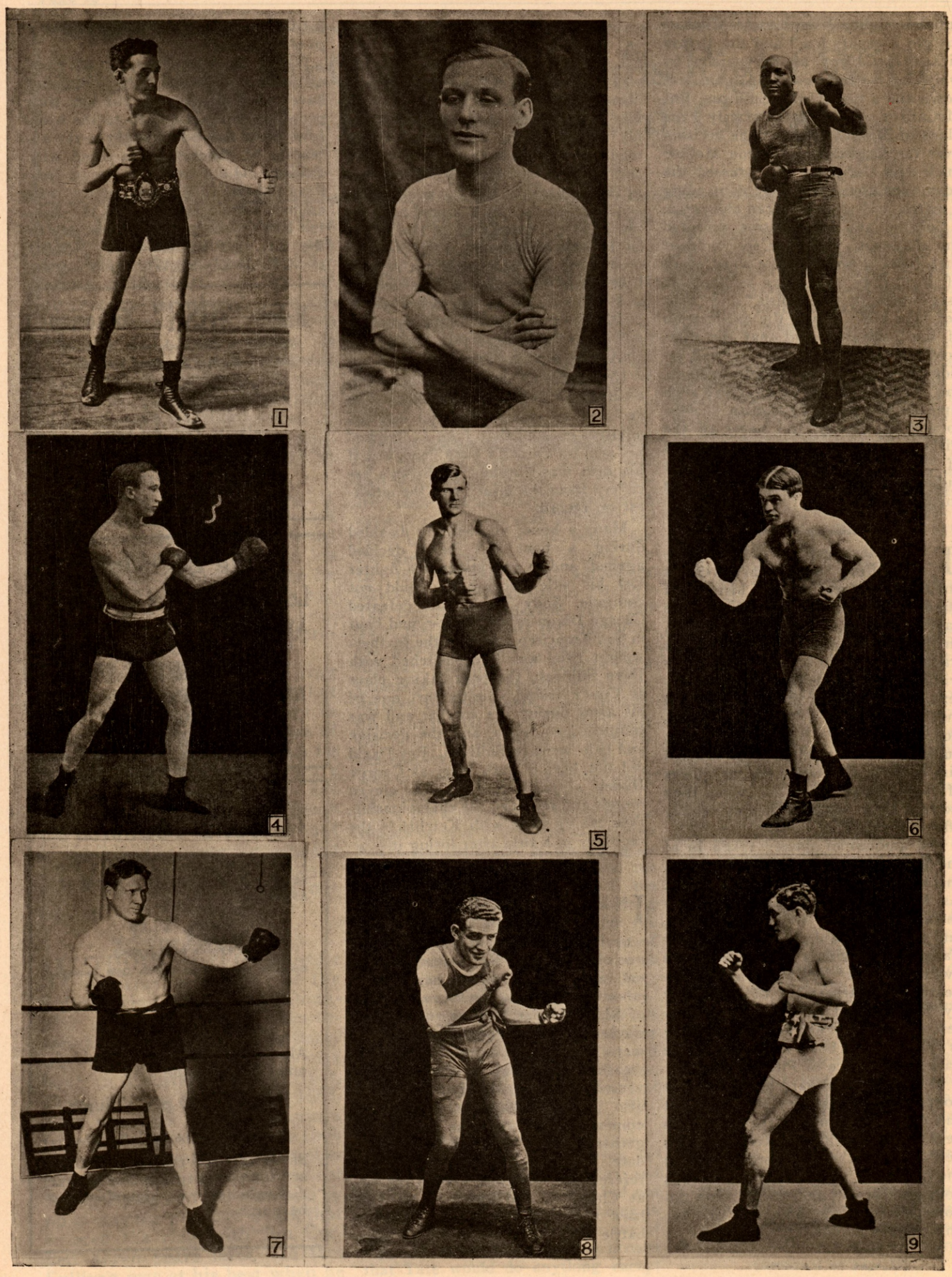
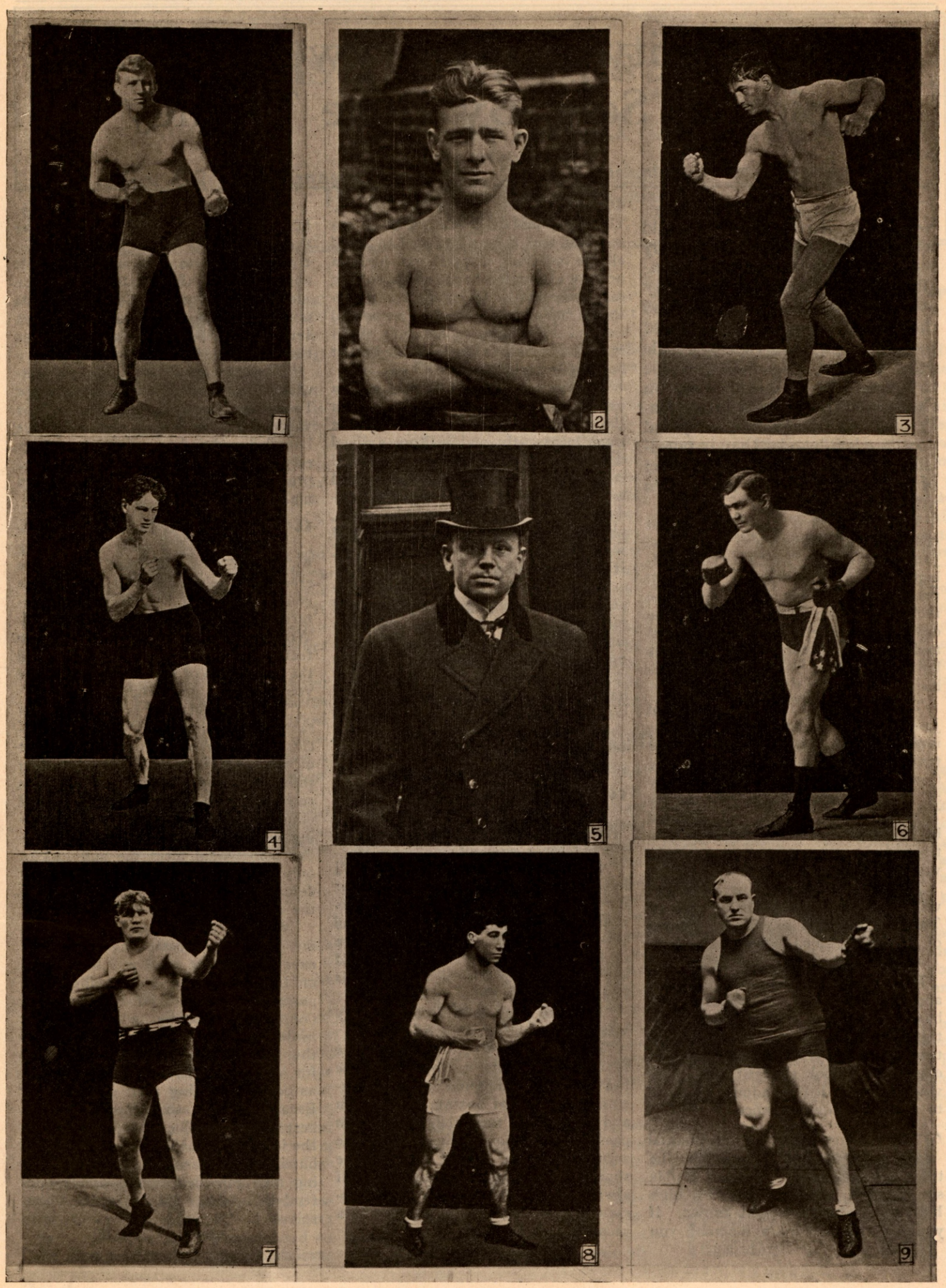
THEY WERE FAMOUS IN THEIR DAY. DO YOU REMEMBER THEM?



All of the above boxers have prominently figured in modern ring history. There are three who were world champions and one a British title holder. Guess who they are.

HAVE YOU A CAMERA EYE? CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE BOXERS?



Here are four champions, one a Western claimant of the middleweight title. The second boxer in top row is a well-known European and the others—well—name them if you can.

Responsibility of a Heavyweight Champion as Seen By Gene Tunney

By EDWARD MERRILL

ONCE upon a time the heavyweight champion of the world was expected to be—and usually was—no more than an exceptionally talented bruiser whose only associates were lesser bruisers and their satellites. He was expected to think—and usually did—of little other than bruising and to be able to speak with authority only on that subject. The imprint of passing time is heavy, however, and nowhere is it heavier than in pugilism, which began as a by-product of barrel houses and has grown into a big business.

Thus it is that the heavyweight champion at the present time, one James J. Tunney of Greenwich Village, is a highly intelligent, rather well read young man who would have been reckoned as one of the 'fancy" in the days when the "fancy" was amused and sometimes thrilled by pugilists but looked down on them, nevertheless.

Then Tunney, called Gene and not James J., for an inexplicable reason—indefinable by him except to the extent that he always has been called Gene—is in New York, he lives mostly at a quiet hotel in the Broadway Thirties. Even though you entered his suite at a moment when its distinguished occupant was absent you would know instantly whose it is.

There are pictures of Tunney everywhere, flaming colored lithographs of Tunney, life-sized pasteboard figures of Tunney, framed letters written to Tunney by persons of high estate.

For Tunney is a big business man and these are the hall marks of his business. He has a confidential secretary who answers the telephone, attends to his correspondence, keeps his engagement book straight and interviews visitors before admitting them to the champion' presence.

THE engagement of a confidential secretary was taken by the thoughtless as an outward and visible sign that Gene had substituted a high hat for the heavyweight crown. If you will consider for a moment, you will not be one of the thoughtless. The demands on Tunney's time are so great that if he attempted to fulfill all the missions mapped out for him or even attempted to see all those who call upon him or to handle the correspondence addressed to him he would not have a minute to himself. As it is, he has precious few and they must be snatched quickly or be lost.

This writer dropped in to see him one day recently and found himself in the midst of a hubub. The telephone rang incessantly and visitors arrived and departed in a stream that seemed endless—and no doubt is. Tunney had arisen at eight o'clock and had ordered breakfast sent to his room, planning to have a shower bath and shave and to dress before it arrived. It then was eleven thirty.

Gene still was in his pajamas, slippers and dressing gown, hadn't had his shower, needed a shave and was sipping furtively a cup of coffee, expecting every instant to be called to the telephone or to see a visitor who had convinced his confidential secretary he had a right to interview the champion. No visitors got in but the telephone claimed Gene frequently. sometimes in the midst of a sentence.

"HOW does it feel to be champion?"

Gene repeated the question and studied for a moment.

"I hardly know," he said, finally. "I have had so little time to think about it. And yet this rush and hurry, this rounds of engagements, theatrical and otherwise, is part of the experience of being champion. And so I would say that feeling like a champion is feeling like a very busy man."

"Is there a sense of responsibility attached to the championship?"

"Distinctively. For one thing, there is a responsibility to boxing. The heavyweight champion is the outstanding figure of boxing, and by him and his actions, the public is prone to pass judgment on boxing. Were he actuated by no better motive, he should be careful to conduct himself always as a gentleman and a sportsman that boxing shall not suffer as a result of his actions.

"Transcending this is the resposibility of a champion to the youth of the nation. The fate of boxing is relatively unimportant beside the minds and hearts of the small boys whose idol is the heavyweight champion. Do not misunderstand me and think I am setting myself—Gene Tunney—up as the small boys' idol.

"I am the small boys' idol not because I am Gene Tunney, but because I am heavyweight champion of the world. I have been amazed by the knowledge they have of me, how eagerly they have devoured every word printed about me and how they regard me.

"TO these boys I am an admirable figure and I must do nothing to shatter the illusions they have erected in their minds about me. Have you ever had an idol of your's shattered? You have—and so have I. Would you wish to cause any one to feel as you felt as you contemplated the fragments of that idol? Of course you wouldn't, nor would I.

"Thirdly—and this is least important because it affects only myself—there is the responsibility growing out of the possession of the title as a thing of monetary value. I reaped this reward at the end of seven years of climbing up through the ranks, during which I met every other contender who would meet me and lost to only one man—a man I subsequently defeated. Naturally, I mean to make the most of this title.

"When I take it into the ring with me, I will be a better fighter than I ever was before, for I will be spurred on by its worth. A champion, compared to a boxer who does not hold one, is as the soldier who is fighting in defence of his country compared to the mercenary. Why is it desirable for a nation to have as many citizens as possible owning their own homes? Because in war time they make the best soldiers. They are fighting for the ideals and the honor of the nation, but in the last analysis they are fighting also for their homes and to defend them they will not spare themselves, in danger, in exhaustion, even

(*Continued on page* 23)

Francois Descamps A Great Showman

Most Colorful Manager in Boxing Game Graduated from School of Hard Knocks to Capitalist Class

By NAT FLEISCHER

SECONDING a pugilist in the ring is an art and expert seconds are few and far between. Many are the stories told about the tide being turned through the shrewdness of a second and victory being snatched from the jaws of defeat. History is full of thrilling tales of ringside manoeuvres.

Present day boxing presents one great second who in our opinion ranks with the greatest masters of the past. The man is Francois Descamps, wily French student of boxing.

Streaks of silver hair have come into Descamps' thick-black crop and lines have eaten into his chubby face, but his shrewdness has never left him. It is just as great today as it was the day he first took the bantam Carpentier under his tutelage.

A few months ago we encountered Descamps in Paris. During the course of a conversation a friend remarked to Francois that he looked very prosperous. With a happy smile and a shrug of the shoulder, this leader of all European managers, replied:

"Yes, I am prosperous, but please don't forget the lean days when I was poverty stricken and went about Paris without a sou in my pocket."

That Hypnotic Eye

"FROM poverty to riches through an hypnotic eye," would be a good title for a book were one to be written on the life of Descamps. A showman who overshadows many of our best in the theatrical field, a wonder at gaining publicity and public confidence, this funny-faced little Frenchman, has ballyhooed his latest find Paolino, the Basque Woodchopper, to a degree that will enable him soon to take from America probably even a bigger fortune than he did when Carpentier fought Jack Dempsey.

As a master of make-believe, Descamps has no equal. Despite many poor contests which he has foisted on the European public and on Americans as well, Descamps' words seem to carry some unknown charm that enables him to sell the public his wares at fabulous prices. His name, his shrewdness and the colorful boxers he always exploits, plus his arresting personality, seems to account for Descamps' wonderful success.

It was Descamps who taught Carpentier how to handle himself and become world famous. At least so the Orchid man himself says. Yet it would be more correct to say that the inborn gift of showmanship in both Carpentier and his manager, more than Georges' ability to box and fight, has made Georges the tremendous attraction he always has been.

What the wily Francois did was merely to instill into Carpentier the feeling that he was far different from all other boxers, that he was their superior in intellect, boxing ability and hitting powers, and the result was apparent from the start.

Has Sense of Humor

DESCAMPS is a born humorist. He is ever ready to spring a joke. He would have made a fortune as a clown had he not decided to devote his life to the ring. There is nothing so screamingly funny as his description of the days when he toured the cafes of Paris on week ends in the guise of a mesmerist with Georges Carpentier as his medium. This failing to yield sufficient funds, Descamps next took to trick bicycle riding and following this, the management of boxers.

Thus we find Descamps rising from the School of Hard Knocks to a Capitalist. He is the proprietor of a cheese-box factory at La Guerche owner of many fishing boats and through other good investments, he gathers in the shekels by the bushel.

TUNNEY'S RESPONSIBILITIES—(*Continued from page* 8)

in the face of death. They do not need the example or the coercion of their officers in battle. They have an incentive beyond any their officers could supply.

"And so a champion, with the title laced into his gloves, defends it with everything he has. Before he is champion, a bout to him is just a bout—a specified number of rounds of three minutes each with a one-minute rest between rounds. When he is champion, a bout takes on a vast importance, for if he loses it he no longer will be champion. All his courage, all his skill and all his stamina enter into his defence of his title and frequently he rises to heights he never before has attained."

BUT here the telephone forced another interruption. This time an officer in the Marine Corps in Washington was on the other end of the wire with an invitation to Gene to fly from New York to Washington, attend a service football game and visit the White House. Gene was all for accepting the invitation and was particularly enthusiastic about the flight. In fact, arrangements were completed—when the confidential secretary, overheard the champion assuring his prospective host that he would be on hand at Mitchel Field at eight o'clock the next morning to board the plane.

"Sorry, Gene," he said, "but you know there is that luncheon tomorrow that Mr. So-and-So is giving and you can't very well get out of that engagement."

Regretfully Gene had to pass up the Washington trip, and zip! went another day that promised much in the way of an enjoyment that a long standing engagement might be filled.

Tommy Freeman Has Risen to Position of Serious Contender for Latzo's Title

By ROY GROVE

TOMMY FREEMAN, foremost contender for the welterweight championship since Joe Dundee got whiffed off the canvas, was lonesome, so his uncle, Bob Sangster, set forth to find the lonely lad a playmate.

After spooning around, Bob commercialized and brought up to the North a little playmate for Tom. Bob could also use Leroy Dougan, the one in charge, as a caddie and as an added attraction to the fight game.

But this Dougan baby turned out to be the roughest thing in forty-eight states, and the territories. He not only is the bantam champion of the South but Bob might just as well have hired a heavyweight to play with Thomas for all the entertaining he did the champion of contenders and ambitious bantams.

So it looks as if Sangster has another champion on his hands.

The kid has licked everything in the South and only recently cleaned up on Tommy Ryan, that very, very tough lad from toughest Pennsylvania. That was his second victory over Ryan.

Found Another Fighter

DOUGAN recently crossed the ring with Jimmy Mendo, and that's some step for a nineteen-year-old lad against the experience Jimmy has had. Dougan lost, but Bob smiled because he found he had a fighter.

Freeman was wise and smiled also because Tommy went through the same mill.

"You know," said Freeman, "I never will forgive Bob for the one he pulled on me down in New Orleans one time. I was scheduled to meet Red Hill, and that was the beginning of my professional career."

"Bob led me to think I had a setup, to some extent, but casually warned me to be very careful. Well, I got in that ring and learned more about boxing in two heats than I would have learned in many days."

"I sort of had the idea that I was pretty good until then, and I found out I could be licked. I won my fight, but oh boy! I never knew there was so much to ten rounds.

BOB has the happy faculty of "double crossing" his men to success. He is not a fight manager he wants to start right in with the champion and see what's what or get it over with in a hurry. Sangster did considerable fighting himself in the twenty rounds on the coast and he likes to see a good fight as well as match one.

Dougan, the new bantam menace is wholly foreign to the fighting game. He has done his best work in the South, where he slapped all the funny looking guys for loops, and all because Dougan is the hardest little fighter in the game to dope out.

He has licked about every one of any importance in the 118-pound class. That was in the South, and now he's up North looking for trouble.

Bob's boy is absolutely the toughest individual in the game to figure out. You watch him on the street, talk to him in the gym and get all your money counted and added up, ready for the gravey and then—chills run up and down your spine as your winner flops.

Something to Think About

HE has lost half his fights, according to dope, before he enters the ring, to come out with a win. No referee has ever counted over him, and one-third of his fights have been knockouts. That's something to ponder over.

The game is only naturalness with Dougan—that part of the game which has been lost for so long with the fighter. Today it is fancy and trick stuff that bewilders the fan or the opponent and even the fighter himself.

There is no fancy stuff about the Southern brawl. He just takes a step up and SOCK then steps lightly back a pace to watch the baby fall.

Dougan studies his battles during the progress of the fight. That is how he beat Pal Moore at his own game, not only once but twice, also Kid Lencho and a lot of club entertainers who were doped to knock the lad clear out of the South.

Dougan started the racket in his own yard with a pair of old gloves. He would slap the school kids out of the picture on their way home from school.

Sensation for Public

HIS noon day bouts were a sensation to the recreatioon seeking public. He liked the game so well that he simply started in professionally. His first pro fight was in Memphis where he had to pay his own way up and back in order to get his change to do his stuff.

All in all he cleaned up $5.60 for the evenings's work, a losing proposition. That made little difference to Leroy as long as he licked his man. How are you going to K.O. a kid of that sort?

Like Freeman and Red Hill, Dougan learned a lot when he fought Mendo. He needed that experience to get along, and he got all that was ever written in books, and more too, now Leroy, the champion of the South, will tell you he could lick Mendo and very much so. That's the way he learns.

Bob Sangster stumbled into a happy thought when he took hold of Tommy Freeman. Tommy was a left hander when they used to box down home. Dougan started out the same way and Bob has converted him. That makes them good two handed punchers.

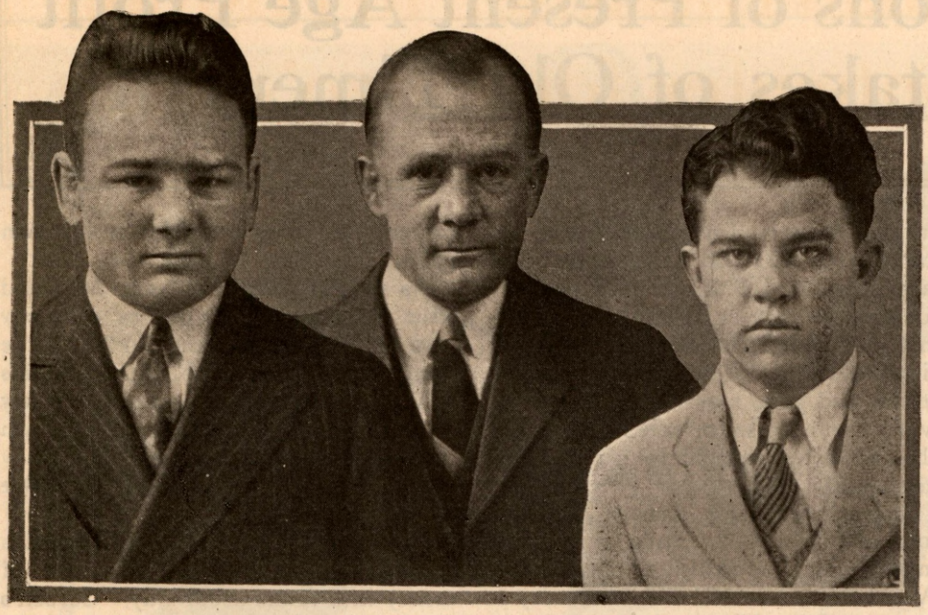
Old Question Settled

WHEN Joe Dundee slipped on the canvas with Eddie Roberts, out in San Francisco, it practically settled a question of long standing. It seems that Joe got a fluke decision of some sort in their last and only meeting.

That decision to Joe Dundee was the only one Tommy has lost in five years, and it wasn't Tommy's fault. It was a conceded verdict, and that's all.

That fight was Tommy's third appearance in the ring at Madison Square Garden, where he previously defeated Sergeant Sammy Baker and Joe Simonich. In meeting Dundee, Tommy had the fight all his own way until Dundee came through with an awkward punch that caught Tommy's lip against his teeth and brought a

Trio Conniving for Latzo's Title



Tommy Freeman, with his manager, Bob Sangster, and playmate, Leroy Dougan.

flow of blood that could not be stopped during the rest.

Sangster would not let Tommy Freeman continue for the fifth round for fear of a permanent injury to his nephew. Had he been any other manager you can bet the fight would have gone through with Freeman on the winning side.

"But there is plenty of time to win," said Bob, after the fight.

Is Latzo Convinced?

TOMMY'S recent fights have been successful. During the summer he defeated Levine and this Fall mastered Zivic, who had been menacing Pete Latzo's crown. That's enough to convince Latzo.

Tommy first came to notice when he decisively defeated and badly battered the famous Pinkey Mitchell over the fifteen-round route in New Orleans. Tom could have stepped into 'big company" immediately but decided to stick around his home town in the hills of Arkansas and put the damper on all those who had any idea they were welterweights around Hot Springs, Little Rock, El Dorado and towns in that section.

After stopping Sammy Baker in seven stanzas he took on Simonich, and then the Dundee debacle, Shufflin' Callahan, next, Levine and lastly Zivic. He has whipped all the boys but Pete Latzo. What he did to Callahan was a plenty when he practically knocked out the overly estimated one for eleven straight rounds. He wasn't there for the twelfth.

Now that Dundee has gone down, there is nothing left but Latzo. There is no doubt but what Dundee and Tommy would make a great match regardless of the accident through the hands of one Mr. Eddie Roberts. If there is any doubt of course, Mr. Roberts will be well reckoned with and duly taken care of through the medium of Freeman.

And what Freeman can't lick Dougan will.

Introduced to Boxing

TOMMY'S grandfather took him to his first scrap, and Tom liked it. Then his uncle Bob brought a pair of gloves to the farm one day and, in putting them on, took them off with a black eye.

Tommy lost his first fight. He showed up next the next day at school with two shiners, the prettiest in that part of the country. He started tough and has been going that way ever since.

The whole game takes on a different flavor when we find men like Sangster managing Freeman. They are kin folks, and Bob holds no quarter for the lad.

Bob thinks, and is fully convinced, that Tom can lick anyone in the world and is not afraid to match them, as his record will show. If Tom wasn't his nephew there would be many setups on Tom's list or a lot of hard, burnt out work, as the game holds today. But he tells Tom what he has to do, and what's more Tom minds him. They are the best combination in the game today.

AT THE RINGSIDE

By RAY I. HOPPMAN

"BLOOD! Blood!" he cried. "Aw knock him dead!
Gouge out the big bum's eyes!" he said.
"C'mon, get to it! Play the game!
Tear into it! This fight's too tame!
Make sausage meat of him!" he cried,
"Cut gashes in him three feet wide!
Knock out his teeth and break his nose
And send his eyebrows to his toes!"

"HERE is a guy," said I to me,
"As tough as any guy can be.
And he must be the kind of bloke
Who lives on tacks, barbed wire and coke."
I was afraid to look behind
For fear he'd knock my glimmers blind.

OH, what a thrist he had for gore,
Though some was spilled, he yelled for more.
"Hey! Separate him from his lung!
G'wan and kill him while he's young!
Knock off his freckles, bust his chin,
Tear out his heart and snap a shin!"
And as he wagged his awful jaw,
I thought "He eats his beefsteak raw."

THE fight was over and I took
An awful chance and gave a look
To see just who it was who yearned
To see a fighter spliced and burned.
I thought I'd see a bull-necked guy
About six feet, ten inches high,
With fang-like teeth and ears of tin
And nails for whiskers on his chin.
A bird so tough, whene'er he spoke,
His mouth emitted Pittsburgh smoke.

I GAVE a look and saw a guy
About five feet, one-half inch high,
With baby eyes of washed-out blue
And chin cut on the bias, too.
A little shrimp with taffy hair
In whose cheeks bloomed the roses fair.
A collar, size thirteen, was bent
Around his neck with room for rent.
A good slap on the wrist would kill
This weazened little sugar-pill.

IT always is the weakling who
Craves gore and plenty of it, too.
It always is some weak-kneed squirt
Who yearns to see a fellow hurt.
Who, tucked safe in his ringside seat
Yells loud for dripping, blood-red meat.

Boxers Ratings

Send ten cents in coin, and stamped and addressed envelope, to

Sport Statistics Bureau
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CAMDEN, N. J.

Ring Champions of Present Age Profit by Mistakes of Old Timers

By W. NESBIT

SITTING in the front row at the Jack Britton-Benny Leonard fight at the New York Velodrome about three years ago, was Willie Jackson, former lightweight star of New York City who only a short time previously had more than $200,000 to his credit from his ring campaign but now is selling twine to earn his living. Willie in his prime, before domestic troubles started him on the down grade, was the idol of New York fight fans. He owned two high powered automobiles and was a fellow to whom money meant nothing. Today every cent counts with him.

Jackson's presence, coupled with the presence of two modern ring gladiators—Britton and Leonard—brought to the mind of the writer a direct contrast—a contrast of the spendthrift champion of a decade or more ago and the keen business champions of the present era. With but a few exceptions the champions of old squandered their earnings. But how different now.

Here we had Benny Leonard, a property owner, director in several business ventures, and Jack Britton, bank director, possessor of many thousands of dollars, ideal family man, highly respected both in his profession and as a citizen.

After the fight, in company with other sport lovers, the writer went to Billy Gibson's Criterion Restaurant, where the talk was of things pugilistic, and by degrees we drifted into the topic of the spendthrifts.

There was Jim Figg, England's first champion, who, in those bare-knuckle fighting days, held the championship for eleven years, and made at that time what was considered a fortune. History records that Figg was a great mixer and spent his earnings freely. He died in obscurity. Another old-time champion of England was Jem Mace. Historians inform us that he loved to gamble, and for this reason had to apply for assistance in his old days. Mace was a popular champion, and his friends readily assisted him and his family.

The immortal John L. Sullivan was considered at one time the greatest pugilistic spendthrift in the world, but Sullivan did not have the opportunity to batle for large purses like the present-day fighters. Imagine old John being offered $100,000 for a fight! The largest amount Sullivan ever received for one battle was $16,000 for defeating Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Mississippi, in 1889. Sullivan was a trusting fellow and gave most of this purse he won to an actress for safe keeping, but she ran away, and old John never saw her again.

During Sullivan's famous knockout tour in 1883-1884 he made considerable money under the skilful management of Al Smith. Al could be likened today to our own Billy Gibson when it comes to clever handling and financial guidance. It was Smith who conceived the idea that it would be a wonderful advertising asset and drawing power if Sullivan offered $1,000 to any man who would stay four rounds with him.

Nearly seventy rugged, determined and ambitious fellows kissed the canvas in the attempt. A majority of these men were mere novices and were frightened half to death by old John's piercing eyes and thunderous entrance into the ring. This tour lasted over a year.

At the time of Sullivan's death he had only a small farm on the outskirts of Boston and a few thousand dollars that he had earned on his "last vaudeville" tour. The public believed Sullivan made a million dollars during his spectacular career, but just half of that would be a conservative estimate.

During Sullivan's time there was another great fighter who had a reputation for reckless spending, who ran John L. a close second. This person was none other than our own Jack McAuliffe. The largest purse Jack ever received for a battle resulted from a terrific fight with Billy Myer at New Orleans back in 1882. McAuliffe won $5,000 in stakes, a $9,000 purse and $10,000 in side bets, or $24,000 in all. This sum was thrown to the four winds in less than a fortnight after the fight.

McAuliffe was a shark at bookmaking. Many and many a time he accumulated a bankroll of $100,000 or more, but hard luck at the race-track soon caused it to disappear. Money slipped through his fingers like water from a duck's back. Jack at one time had several thriving pool-rooms here in New York, and won many thousands every day, but he bet the roll right back again with other bookmakers, and they beat him at his own game.

As soon as Jack went broke he would issue challenges and offer to fight any man of his weight in the world for the small sum of $2,000 or $3,000. Jack's hand was always in his pocket for money to help his many friends, and it is known that he never refused to assist a worthy cause, especially when of a charitable nature.

Jim Corbett could never be termed a spendthrift, but he dropped a lot of money in a round-about way. Corbett's first wife was made a present of a $60,000 home, expensive furs and diamonds and other luxuries costing a small fortune. Corbett made more real money than Sullivan, and today is well off. It is estimated that he is worth a quarter of a million. He owns a handsome country home at Bayside, Long Island.

Jim was never like John L. He did not throw his money away in public, yet Corbett helped many a poor, broken-down sport, and still continues to do so. Today, on the vaudeville stage and in moving pictures, "Gentleman Jim" is reaping a handsome harvest. He will never see the day when he will have to call upon friends for a benefit.

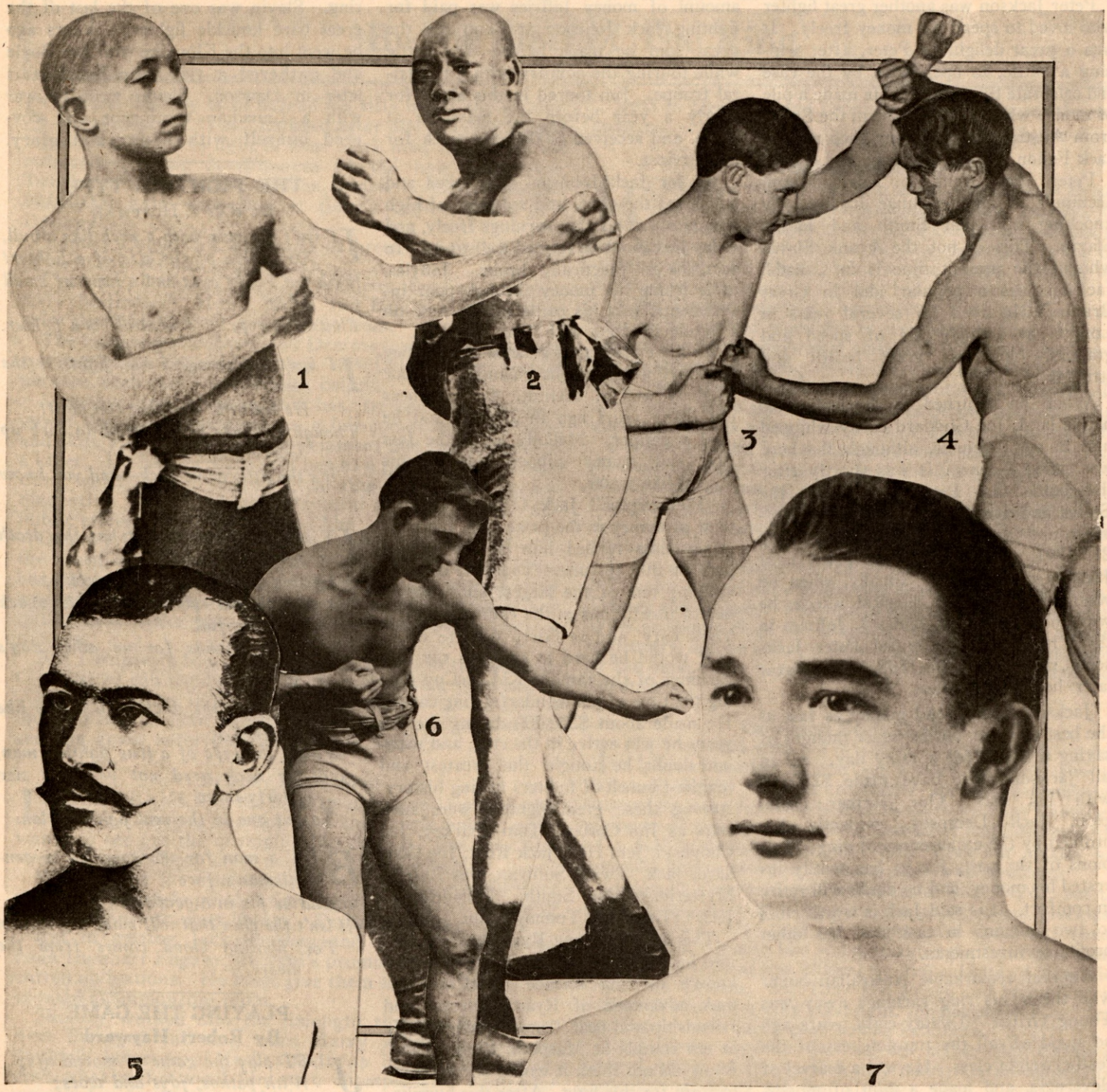
What a mint of money little George Dixon made during his long and brilliant ring career! And Dixon died in poverty!

Dixon was a great spendthrift. He threw his money to the four winds after each battle. Dixon fought more than two hundred fights, which netted him more than $250,000; while he probably earned $100,000 more in the show business, as he was a star in a burlesque which toured the country for several years. His largest winning was from a battle with Jack Skelly at New Orleans back in 1882.

It was a sad sight, a few years ago, to see "Little Chocolate," one of the world's greatest featherweight champions, wandering up and down Broadway, with no home, his clothing shabby and his pockets empty. That was a year or so before he was picked up unconscious in the gutter and taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died a pauper.

What a contrast when one looks into the shadows of the past and compares Dixon, Lavigne, Gans, Griffo, Young Corbett, Terry McGovern and other renowned lightweights with men of the

Only One of This Lot Saved Enough for a Rainy Day



Of the fighters shown in the above, Battling Nelson alone had something to show when he quit the roped square. Nelson only recently, through court procedure, had the greater portion of $250,000 which was held by his father, returned to him. Those shown above are: 1—George Dixon; 2—Jack Johnson; 3—Young Corbett; 4—Terry McGovern; 5—John L. Sullivan; 6—Battling Nelson; 7—Jack McAuliffe.

Benny Leonard and Britton type of today.

Records show that the first big money Robert Fitzsimmons won in the ring was in the fight with Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, back in 1891. He received $13,000 out of that battle, while poor Jack received the meager sum of $1,000, which was the loser's end. After this bout "Ruby Robert" trod the path of fame, and the sharks immediately got after him.

At that time Fitz did not have a very good business head. Immediately after this bout he purchased a house in San Francisco and paid $11,000 cold cash for it. Realty men later appraised the house as worth about $6,000. Fitz deeded this property over to his wife, who later divorced him and married a wealthy show-man by the name of Julian.

Fitz, to even matters, married Julian's sister, "Rose." Mrs. Fitzsimmons died in New York City about twenty years ago. She, like Bob's first wife, had all his property and money in her name, and when she passed away everything of value was left to her three children. Fitz, therefore, had to resume fighting and acting on the stage to earn another grubstake. "Ruby Robert" led a good, clean life. Poor speculation and bad investments robbed him of most of the big money he made in the ring, and not the life of a spendthrift.

Fitzsimmons must have made a quarter of a million from his ring earnings and possibly half this amount from the stage.

Peter Jackson was another great fighter who loved to spend his money freely. It was a great delight to Peter, after winning a battle, to open wine by the case and celebrate the victory. He made a pile of money when he first came to the States from Australia by defeating such men as Jack Fallon, George Godfrey, and others.

Peter then went to England and accumulated another huge bankroll by knocking out Jem Smith and Paddy Slavin. This is not the Frank Slavin who at the present time is in Canada. Jackson was a popular idol in Great Britain. He lived for several years in London at a high rate of speed and gradually lost his great health and strength.

When he returned to Australia, his native land, Joe Goddard easily whipped him in eight rounds, although the bout was called a draw. It was shortly after this battle that Peter returned to the States and fought Jim Corbett a sixty-one-round draw. This happened May 21, 1891, and was the last great fight Jackson ever fought. Finally, when he was a financial and physical wreck, he was knocked out by James J. Jeffries in three rounds. That ended Peter Jackson's ring career in 1898, and a year later he died penniless.

Jackson could spend money as fast as the best of them, but he never thought of saving a dollar for a rainy day. All in all Jackson must have made $250,000 with his fists. Our former champion, Jack Dempsey, evidently has profited by the experiences of ring champions of the past, for he has wisely invested his money, and no doubt will retire in comfort. It is said Jack is worth close to two millions in cash and has other profitable investments.

Another remarkable Australian boxer who threw his ring earnings away was Young Griffo. Twenty-eight years ago he stood off all the top-notchers of the featherweight class. He was a marvel of cleverness, and made a mint of money, but he had no head for business and was easily swindled. Griffo was so wonderfully clever with his fists that he used to have great amusement by standing on a handkerchief, refusing to move around, and offered a $100 bill to any fighter who could knock a cigar from his mouth. Griffo was a popular fighter, possessed a pleasing personality and was greatly admired by all lovers of boxing during his hectic ring career. He is now living in Brooklyn and is penniless.

It cannot be said that Jeffries was a great spender, although he did have a passion for gambling. He ran a cafe and boxing club in Los Angeles, which consumed considerable of his money, but every one is familiar with the great amount of money Jeffries was paid for fighting Jack Johnson at Reno and the great sum he made before that battle while touring the country with a theatrical troupe. Jim toured in this show for nearly a year before the massacre at Reno, and received $3,000 per week for his services.

As for Jack Johnson, who loved and still loves the glory and splendor of high life, he spent his ring earnings freely, and today he cannot be termed well-to-do. In fact, he is practically broke. Jeffries, after losing his money through poor investments, sold his cattle and is now on a vaudeville tour with Tom Sharkey.

Another great ring general was Honey Mellody, welterweight champion. Poor Mellody was in destitute circumstances not many years ago in Boston, and he died a pauper. Mellody loved the fast life, and money slipped through his fingers like water.

"Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien made a mint of money in the prize ring, but poor investments robbed him of the greater part of this fortune. Today O'Brien is running one of the largest and greatest health institutions in the country in New York City, and is fairly well to do.

It would be hard to estimate the ring earnings of the famous Kid McCoy during the time of his wonderful ring career. He made about $200,000 during the ten years he was active in the ring, and without doubt he fought the greatest and toughest bunch of fighters in ring history. Among these great fighters were such stars as Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Joe Choynski, Jem Hall, Jack Root, Joe Goddard, Jack "Twin" Sullivan, Gus Ruhlin, Mysterious Billy Smith, "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien and Tommy Ryan.

This same Tommy Ryan took the Kid into his camp and taught him every trick known to ring science. McCoy later took advantage of Ryan's interest and friendship and beat Tommy unmercifully in ten rounds at Maspeth, Long Island. Ryan did not think it would be necessary to train for this fight. After this humiliation by McCoy a great amount of effort was expended to complete details for a return match, but the wily Kid was too foxy to meet Ryan again.

Joe Gans made a quarter of a million during his wonderful ring career as the world's lightweight champion, but it slipped through his fingers. He never had the knack of putting his wealth in trustful hands. He dearly loved to gamble and in this manner most of his money got away from him. When he died some few years ago the Old Master left his wife and children a small hotel in Baltimore. This hotel was purchased with the money Joe received from his last memorial fight with Battling Nelson.

Frank Slavin also won a fortune in the ring. Slavin was one of the last of the great bare knuckle fighters. Years ago he went into the Klondike with Joe Boyle and gathered a tidy sum but lost it later in Dawson. Slavin went to war with a Canadian contingent and covered himself with honor and glory.

THE FIGHTING TYPE

By Ray I. Hoppman

IT isn't the man with a neck like a bull,
Or a chin of the size of a lighter!
With red beady eyes and a head of small size
That's the type of a natural born fighter.

IT isn't the shanghai that fights to the end,
He isn't the bird that can go it!
Though he looks hard enough to back up every bluff—
It's the little game cock—and you know it.

IT isn't the mastiff that has the death grip,
The big St. Bernard or the collie,
It's the slender pit bull that is chock fighting-full
And that stands for no other dog's folly.

NO, it isn't the duck with a jaw like a truck,
That's the type of a true fighting man,
And the neck need not be of a size thirty-three
To put one in the real fighting clan.

BUT a man for the pace has a gentleman's face
And he fits in a gentleman's part;
It isn't the chin that will make a man win
For fighting blood comes from the heart.

PLAYING THE GAME

By Robert Hayward

JUST play the game of mortal life,
With pathos, joys and woes;
And swing along in fighting style,
Avoiding Hell, with blows.

AND if the mist o'er-shrouds the day,
With the tattoo of the rain,
Engage in battle, square and clean,
And the sun will shine again.

THIS life is but a massive ring,
With ropes of fate we're bound;
And the setting sun at close of day,
Is just another round.

WE travel on through days and years,
To age with speeding time;
Till the gong peals forth the notes of God,
And souls are made sublime.

AS WE SEE IT

By the Staff of The Ring

SO Gene Tunney is to defend his title under the promotoral aegis of "Tex" Rickard after all! Tunney's signing with Rickard to fight in New York next summer is the outstanding fistic development of the new born year. Tunney is to get a cool million, and it looks like another $2,000,000 gate, especially if Gene's opponent be Jack Delaney.

Tunney's opponent will make or break the next Tunney fight. Consider the candidates.

Dempsey, Delaney, Sharkey, Maloney, Paolino, and possibly Berlenbach, Monte Munn and Knute Hansen, comprise the field Rickard must select from.

The leaders are Delaney and Dempsey, with Jim Maloney running them close. Dempsey and Delaney are leaders because each fairly oozes with color.

Dempsey had, perhaps still has, tremendous punching power, bulldog aggressiveness, a fair combination of speed and skill, an ideal fighting temperament and the instincts of a killer. He had, perhaps still has to a great degree, everything which goes to make a great ring champion. He had magnetism. One couldn't be neutral with Dempsey The public either loved him or hated him.

Delaney has every attribute of a great fighter. He has the speed and skill of a master, it not only a terrific hitter but a sharpshooter, is a great ring general, has a great stage presence and carries about him a romance, glamour and glitter that make him the most colorful sports hero of this era.

But Dempsey's box office value rests only in the assumption that he can regain most of his ancient ring prowess.

He must prove in actual ring encounter that he still is much of his old fistic self before the public will consent to see him again enter the ring against Tunney.

* * * *

Delaney Right Man

JACK DELANEY is the ideal man to give Dempsey this test. Delaney is the one man the sports public really wants to see get the championship chance. But they first want to see Delaney meet and beat Jack Dempsey.

Were it not for other obligations Rickard undoubtedly would immediately go about arranging a Delaney-Dempsey match, winner to meet Tuney. Perhaps he has.

But in getting Jack Sharkey and Jim Maloney away from Humbert Fugazy, Rickard's promotorial rival, Tex incurred obligations. He must give them a chance to pick the coveted championship plum.

Sharkey worked into the limelight through his victory over the aged and ring worn Harry Wills It is to be doubted, however, if Jack stands up under competition. And what will it avail him as a championship contender even if he should outbox Maloney, Paolino and Munn or Hansen? Sharkey, like Tunney, lacks color. Unless Sharkey can show more hitting power than he yet has shown, matching him with Tuney would be like pitting two Tunneys against each other.

Next to Dempsey and Delaney, Maloney boasts the most color.

* * *

Delaney to the Fore

BY knocking out Bud Gorman in two rounds, Jack Delaney has sounded a note of warning to Gene Tunney. Undoubtedly the light heavyweight champion, with his terrific hitting power and his consummate cleverness, is the outstanding contender for the heavyweight laurels. Tunney may find that he cannot ignore Delaney for a fight next July 4.

When Delaney stopped Gorman he scaled at 175 pounds. This is his natural poundage at weighing in time. It is the limit of the light heavyweight class, and it presents Jack at his best in speed and hitting ability. Against Paul Berlenbach the night Jack won the light heavyweight title last Summer, Delaney was a trifle too fine, but he has picked up some weight since then and is primed for a go at Tunney's championship.

Delaney's weight is considered by many competent critics as the ideal for a fighting man seeking the heavyweight title. Bob Fitzsimmons did not scale at 175 the day he took the championship from Jim Corbett at Carson City. Of course, Fitz was a ring genius, but who can say that Delaney may not be a fistic genius himself?

In any event, Tunney had better look out for Jack. The year 1927 holds out no more interesting prospect than a meeting of Tunney and Delaney. The atmosphere has been cleared. Harry Wills no longer clogs the situation. There are other apparent contenders, but we look for Delaney to stand out pre-eminently by the time there is serious talk of a Tunney defense next Summer.

* * *

Canzoneri Beats Graham

THE year 1926 went out in a blaze of upsets. One surprise followed another all year and toward the close came the defeat of Bushy Graham, contender for the bantamweight title and by many rated the best in his class, by Tony Canzoneri, graduate of the amateur ranks. Canzoneri had been regarded as a fine "club fighter" around New York but nobody had regarded him as being in the same class with Graham.

Originally Canzoneri was to have met Bud Taylor, but the Terre Haute man was incapacitated and Graham graciously took his place. He rued his rashness, for Canzoneri danced with him and hit with him and outpointed the "unofficial champion." Graham was non plussed by the audacity of this "kid" from New Orleans. But Tony just smiled and kept piling up points. It was not a very good fight, for nobody did any damage, but it was a fairly good boxing exhibition.

Undoubtedly Graham had an off night. But Canzoneri showed flashes of form which may make him an outstanding contender—if he is not that already. Tony is not a terrific hitter but he keeps moving. He is fast and he is shifty.

Canzoneri already has begun to cash in on the victory. He has been signed for three bouts in the Garden in New York and he is in demand all over the country. In another six months Tony may be right up there—at the top.

Publisher of THE RING in Europe

IN the absence of Nathaniel S. Fleischer, owner and publisher of THE RING, who is in Europe, the editorial columns of this magazine for this issue have been contributed by members of the staff.

Mr. Fleischer is studying the boxing situation abroad and in forthcoming issues of THE RING will contribute interesting articles and stories dealing with the sport overseas. He will give to the readers of this magazine an intimate line on the really worth while fighters over there.

Madison Square Garden Sets Example for Other Clubs

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

AMONG those who never have seen a modern boxing bout and whose impressions of pugilism have been gained through reading blood-curdling details of combats of the dim and brutal past, a view, though reluctantly taken, of glove contests in Madison Square Garden, is an astonishing experience. In place of the expected shambles and a cheering horde urging, with thumbs down, the extermination of the helpless victims, the newcomer sees a series of admirably conducted ring encounters between well-trained athletes.

The contests are marked by a scrupulous regard for the safety of the boxers and for the humane sentiment opposed to unnecessary punishment for a beaten opponent. Referees are required by rule to stop every one-sided bout and there is a very general compliance with that wise regulation. While the contests are progressing in the ring, the thousands of spectators maintain decorum fully equal to that of the onlookers at any other branch of rough vigorous sport.

There is not in existence a more thrilling form of sport than a bout with gloves between two skillful, speedy, scientific boxers, and if the spectators did not give vent to their enthusiasm, it would indicate that they were extremely lethargic. The same man who dances up and down in frenzy on his seat in the ball grounds when Ruth hits four bases, or does a war dance when his favorite football player tackles a runner and sends him crashing to earth for a loss, will also shriek hysterically when a boxer scores a knockdown or lands effective blows. Patrons of boxing always applaud a plucky, courageous loser.

That is a predominant trait of those who attend boxing contests, and it proves that in the matter of fair play, the American spectator has kept pace with the improvement in the methods of handling ring contests.

In the latter particular, Madison Square Garden bouts as conducted by Tex Rickard, the world's wizard in pugilistic promotion, have been and are now a potent force in educating the masses to an appreciation of high standards of boxing. Not only has the influence of the Garden made itself felt in this city and state, but the Rickard methods have been copied all over the United States, with resultant improvement in conditions.

The smaller clubs in this city have also improved, due to Garden example and the instructions and supervision of the State Athletic Commission. Only one other country conducts bouts with the efficiency and fairness observable at the Garden. England, pioneer in the promotion of ring contests, handles boxing in an admirable manner. The only drawback in Great Britain is the lack of boxers of ability. Mediocre fighters are provided with superior settings for their meetings, but the encounters are not in accord with the surroundings.

The writer had the privilege of witnessing the bout between Georges Carpentier and Joe Beckett in the Holborn Stadium, London, December 4, 1919, when the Frenchman scored a knockout inside of a minute. The *New York Sun* sent me to report the battle, being the first time an American newspaper had sent a special representative to report a boxing contest in England, since the Heenan-Sayers combat in 1860. Although the fight was brief and one-sided, yet the notable throng that filled the stadium lent spectacular interest to the event.

The English public makes no distinction between an operatic first night and a boxing contest that promises a thrill. The Holborn Stadium will seat between 8,000 to 10,000 persons and the spectators filled every available foot of space. It was a remarkable scene, and seemed more like a great social event than a meeting of pugilists.

Women who occupied at least half of the seats, were arrayed in striking gowns and flashing jewels. Men were attired in formal evening costume, and when the Prince of Wales arrived to take his place at the ringside, the fashionable assemblage arose and remained standing until Wales was seated.

When the Prince and his companions were comfortably ensconced in their chairs, he lit a long cigar and was contentedly puffing at it when the announcer "requested gentlemen to omit smoking, as it might tend to impede the efforts of the boxers." Without the slightest hesitation Wales dropped his cigar on the floor and put his heel on the lighted end.

Others who had been smoking quickly followed Wales' example and then the boxers entered the ring. Carpentier and Beckett both bowed to Wales, and then acknowledged the general applause. Extreme quiet marked the preparations for the battle, and when the British titleholder was stretched on the canvas in jig time the great throng sat for fully five minutes in a daze.

Then slowly they arose and silently departed. They had seen nothing to create enthusiasm. On the contrary they had witnessed a poor exhibition by their champion, and were justified in feeling dissatisfied. Yet they refrained from giving audible expression to their disappointment.

In the matter of self-restraint under trying circumstances, British followers of sport can teach Americans considerable. This is due largely to the rigid supervision of boxing by the British Board of Boxing Control. This body is not a governmental creation, yet it rules boxers, managers, promoters with an iron hand.

The Board is composed of twenty-five of the leading sportsmen of England, headed by Lord Lonsdale, donor of Championship belts emblematic of British boxing titles. Although the British Board is severe in its disciplinary measures, it has the united support of both public and boxers. It is realized that the Board's actions have but one object (keeping the sport clean), and seldom are any of its rulings questioned.

The Board once suspended a boxer for 3 years, which practically amounted to expulsion, and its action was approved. Again the Board declared forfeited to Tancy Lee, challenger, the bantam title of Percy Jones, who was three-fourths of a pound overweight at 2 o'clock. Then

(*Continued on page* 31)

Sunny Jim Coffroth, the Tex Rickard of Bygone Days

By FINLEY PARK

THEY called him Sunny Jim and he was all of that. He is Sunny Jim even to this day, though he has transferred his active brain to another line of sport. Yes, Jim Coffroth was Sunny Jim from the time he started promoting boxing bouts in San Francisco and probably no man ever had greater luck than he in the matter of weather, hence his name.

You will find James Coffroth now as the very busy and active head of the Lower California Jockey Club, which conducts racing at Tia Juana. His luck has followed him to the turf world. He has more fine clear days at Tia Juana than are to be found at any track in America.

In the old days, when Sunny Jim was staging twenty-round bouts at his famous Mission Street arena in Frisco he brought together some of the greatest fighters in the history of the sport and provided bouts that have been put down in history as epics in the realms of fistiana. He reigned in a day when California had a practical monopoly—as has New York City now—on big bouts. The California weather—or was it Coffroth's weather—permitted shows in the outdoor Mission Street arena at practically any season of the year. And with this big advantage Jim was able to stage bout after bout while the going was good.

He was a shrewd promoter and a daring one. In those days, however, fighters did not get the purses that are passed out nowadays. And, furthermore, until just at the end of his career as a championship fight promoter, Coffroth never gave guaranties. He made fighters work on a percentage basis and he had a system whereby he received no less than forty per cent of the house for himself. He used to say that fighters wouldn't give their best unless they worked on a percentage basis. He carried this idea one step further, too. He insisted that the winner should receive sixty per cent or more of the fighters' share of the purse.

"That makes 'em go out and fight," he used to explain and no one will doubt but that he had the right idea.

Coffroth was a whimsical fellow and looked upon the boxing game as one of the strangest businesses in the world.

"I promote boxing bouts, of course," he often explained, "just as any business man would promote any affair. But there are some strange angles to the game. Do you know," he would say, in his whimsical way. "I give away most of the ringside seats at the Mission Street arena, give them away to folks I can't refuse?

"It is a fact. Politicians force me to disgorge and, oh, how it gets on my nerves! But long ago I discovered that I had to come across and the thought came to me way back when I started that if I had to give something away it might as well be something worth while, something that the mochers couldn't sneer at. That is why I have always had high-priced ringside seats. Seats priced 'way above the figures that should be charged.

"When I send half a dozen of these tickets to a politician he feels that he is getting something. The seats are probably worth one-third of their printed price. Say they are fifteen-dollar tickets —as printed on them—now if I sent a politician a five-dollar seat he would think he was getting something cheap and he would be sore. I tell you, it pays to study human nature."

Often it would rain the day before or on the very day Coffroth had a big fight scheduled, but invariably it cleared so that the show could go on. But despite his luck, Coffroth always "coppered" his chances of beating the weather. He would make wagers that it would rain during the hours the fight was scheduled to be held. Often he would get odds on this proposition. Sunny Jim always had to pay his debts, but he declared that it was the best kind of insurance, for if it did rain and he won his bets he would salvage enough to pay expenses until another date could be arranged, and when he had to pay off his bets he figured it in as expenses and still cut his forty per cent of the gate.

Sets Example for Other Clubs

(*Continued from page* 30)

the Board ordered the boxers to fight for the purse at catchweights. Lee knocked out Jones. This attitude on the part of the Board of Control has had the effect of subduing English boxers and making them more tractable than their American brethren.

Subsequent to the Carpentier-Beckett affair, the writer, who had been made an honorary member of the National Sporting Club, witnessed a number of bouts in that famous structure. Arthur F. Bettinson, manager of the Covent Garden organization, is a bit different from Rickard in method but he achieves the same gratifying results. Bettinson is unquestionably the most popular sportsman in England, and his open-handed hospitality to Americans is a matter of common knowledge. Bettinson's hand is the first to welcome visiting Americans, and the doors of the noted club are always open to overseas callers.

It is a liberal education to watch bouts in the National Sporting Club. Each member of that exclusive organization has his nameplate on his chair, the members are all in their places, there is a subdued hum of conversation, which ceases when the first pair of boxers enter the ring.

Seldom is there anything more boisterous than applause with the hand. Once a spectator in the balcony became excited over a lively bout and emitted a shriek of delight. At once half a dozen uniformed men arose from their stations in various parts of the auditorium and pointing accusing fingers at the offender, called out sternly, "Be quiet, sir." He obeyed.

Another intensely interesting feature of the club is the work as referees of the celebrated Eugene Corri and J. H. Douglas. Holding or clinching is a cardinal sin in English rings and Referee Corri deals with it in this way, "Jones, you are holding." If the offender repeats, Corri says: "Jones, this is the second warning for holding. If I speak to you a third time, you will be disqualified." As a general thing a third warning is unnecessary.

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The Irishman In the Ring

How the Sons of Erin Have Earned Their Names in Fistic Hall of Fame

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THE Englishman invented the sport of boxing. He can claim all the credit he wants for that great and glorious deed despite the previous era of Cestus combats between Greek and Roman gladiators. The rules which hold sway in America, are the lineal descendants of the code drawn up by Jack Broughton, which in turn were founded on the code devised by Figg.

The game spread fast over the three kingdoms, thanks to the missionary sparring tours whereby the early champions earned their bread and cheese. As was only to be expected, the sport appealed amazingly to the Irish character. Most Irishmen would sooner fight than eat.

This is not due to any vicious tendencies on their part. Bless you, Pat generally feels a stronger affection for the man that happens to be fighting at the moment than he does for anyone else in all the wide world. It is just the lust of combat with him.

He doesn't care whether he is beaten, he doesn't even mind if he is sorely damaged, but he does just love to feel his pulses beating fast, the blood coursing through his arteries and veins at express speed, and to experience that ecstatic thrill of strenuous emotion which can alone be aroused by the sensation of battling against heavy odds and of coming out on top.

Irishmen's Self-restraint

The great proof of the Irishman's self-restraint is the success which has accrued to native sons and the men of Irish descent. Self-restraint is the first essential to ring success and since Irishmen or men of Irish ancestry have bulked bigger in the list of boxing champions than men of any other strain, it stands to reason that the Irishman must necessarily be a far less excitable person than the Englishman, the American, the Scot, the German or the Frenchman.

It is true that it took the Hibernian several generations to settle down, for it is distinctly significant that the only Irishman or man of Irish descent who ever held the English title under the old Prize Ring rules was Pete Corcoran, and even Pete was strongly suspected of having crawled to that high eminence mainly by virtue of a "cross."

Michael Ryan twice fought Tom Johnson for the honor, and was twice beaten. Andrew Gamble could only stay nine minutes against that Napoleon of the Prize Ring, Jim Belcher; and the great "Sir" Dan Donnelly, though he occupies a high place in Prize Ring annals, was never once even matched to dispute the championship. Jack Langan gave Tom Spring the two hardest battles of his life, and "Deaf" Burke could only claim a more or less hazy Irish ancestry.

John Morrissey was Irish by birth, but John Camel Heenan was the first real Paddy to put in a serious claim to the world's championship.

An Irish Deluge

But from 1863 onwards it has been Ireland-Ireland all the way. Mike McCoole, Ned O'Baldwin, and Paddy Ryan were heralds pointing the way to the advent of the great John L. Sullivan. And after Sullivan we had the Irish deluge.

John L., it is true, was born in Boston, and was consequently a grandson of the "Ould Counthry."

James J. Corbett, a native of San Francisco, was another. Jake Kilrain, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Tom Sharkey, Peter Maher, Frank Slavin, Charlie Mitchell, Tommy Ryan (for all that his father was of French blood), George Gardner, Terry McGovern, the Sullivan Twins, Jimmy Gardner, Marvin Hart, Jack McAuliffe, Frankie Neil, Joe Thomas, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Packey McFarland, Mike and Tom Gibbons, Frankie Burns, Dick Hyland, Gene Tunney, Pepper Martin, Jack Dempsey, Mike McTigue, Jack Britton—men of all weights and of various degrees of eminence, were all either Irish born, of Irish parents, or else endowed with a strain of Irish blood.

Other Great Fighters

Even outside the names which leap to the eye when one scans the list of Irish champions or near champions, one has to remember that Joe Choynski—the greatest heavyweight who never won a championship title—had an Irish mother; that the great Stanley Ketchell (baptised Stanislaus Kiecal) had an Irishman somewhere around among his parentage. Jim Jeffries pleads guilty to a pure Saxon strain as far as ancestry is concerned, but Bob Fitzsimmons was a Celt from Cornwall.

It isn't solely for the sake of the plea to popular support that an Irish name has become accepted as the readiest route to ring success. We should not else have our Eddie O'Keefes, our Hugo Kellys, Our Kid McCoys (though Mr. Norman Selby can boast of Irish blood), our Jimmy Burnses, our Frankie Conleys, Jack Dillons, Al Delmonts, Mickey Browns, Al McCoys, Eddie Martins, Jack Conways and others.

One could continue indefinitely through the list of American hybrids boasting of Danish, Roumanian, Polish, Bohemian, Italian, and German ancestry who have grabbed hold of the first Irish label they could find .

"THE TIGER TAMER"

THEY called him the Tiger Kid,
And I guess they called him right,
For he displayed a cat-like grace
And skill in every fight.

The fierce expression on his face,
Would chill a block of ice;
And when his right paw did land,
One blow would sure suffice.

He always battled with fury,
No mercy did he show;
He'd rage about the roped-in ring,
And cruelly smash his foe.

There is an end to everything
Or so the wise guys state;
And now at last the Tiger's tamed
'Tis painful to relate.

He's getting the worst of it now,
For the first time in his life;
This tamer of the Tiger is,—
His newly married wife!

H. C. VAN BUSKIRK.

Boxing Scribes of Old School

By Al Spink.

THERE were many of the old timers' faces missing from the ringside at Shelby when Gibbons and Dempsey fought there on July 4, 1924, and still more will be missing when Dempsey and Tunney clash, if they ever do.

I mean the old familiar faces of sport writers seen at all the famous prize fights since the day John L. Sullivan won the heavyweight championship from Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Miss., on February 7, 1882.

Bat Masterson, of New York, and Otto Floto, of Kansas City, were among the last of the old fight writers who saw the Dempsey-Willard go, but Bat crossed the divide soon after and only Otto showed up at Shelby looking rather thin, but still happy and joyous as ever. Otto, yours truly and only a few others who came into the game in the seventies are still left to tell the story.

* * *

THE old line of pugilistic writers started away back in the 70s, when John R. McCormick began writing fight stories for the Cincinnati Enquirer.

With "Macon" as his nom de plume, McCormick's stories soon became a feature of every great Sunday paper in America. "Macon" came in with Tom Allen and Mike McCoole in the 70s and went out just as Jim Jeffries' star began to shine.

After "Macon" there came Col. Billy Harding of the New York Police Gazette, who wore diamonds in the halcyon days of his life, but parted with them in the closing days of his career.

Then came big Jim Kennedy, of the New York Times, a prince of a fellow, and then P. J. Donohue, of the New York World, who, as "P. Jay," became famous as a fight writer.

Big Jim fell asleep on an elevated train coming into New York from Brooklyn one day and never woke up.

* * *

POOR little Pete Donohue was taken away by the white plague, but attended the fights almost to his dying day.

It was Jack McAuliffe, who, meeting "P. Jay" in the Polo Grounds in New York one day, said to the little fellow, jokingly:

"You look white, P. Jay, 'Old Con' has you for true."

Putting all his strength into the blow, "P. Jay" hit Jack squarely in the face with his clenched fist, asking at the same time:

"Does that feel like 'Old Con?'"

Jack accepted the blow smilingly and to "P. Jay's" query retorted:

"Yes, old boy, it does."

Three weeks later "P. Jay" passed away, but he was game to the last, and McAuliffe bought flowers with which to decorate his grave.

* * *

MY brother, "Billy" Spink, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and Whitfield, of the Kansas City Star, great prizefight writers in their day, followed Kennedy, Donohue and McCormick to the other side.

"Billy" Spink, besides being a great fight writer, was a first class telegrapher. He reported the Allen-McCoole fight, away back in 1869, and got first news to his paper by climbing a pole, hitching his pocket instrument to the wire and sending the stuff before any of the other sport writers could get to a telegraph office.

When "Billy" died every sport lover in St. Louis mourned his departure. He had written sport for them in the Globe-Democrat for nearly thirty years and his funeral was the biggest St. Louis had ever seen up to that time.

Col. Billy Harding was the man who dug up Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan. Harding was the representative of Richard K. Fox, owner and publisher of the Police Gazette.

Fox hated Sullivan and sent Harding out to find a man to whip him.

At Troy, N. Y., there was a big fellow nicknamed the "Trojan Giant." He had whipped everyone. Why shouldn't he be able to whip Sullivan? So thought Harding. But he soon had another think coming, for, disgusted at Ryan's showing, Fox put all the blame on Harding and discharged him from his services.

That was the blow that broke Col. Billy's heart, and that proved the death of him.

Some day I will tell you of what happened to other of the old fight writers famous in their day.

ONE who can give, one who can take,
Who will not falter, quail or quake.
One who can hit, yet hitting, know
The art and science of a blow.
One who basks not in idle praise
Nor falls into the easy ways.
One who will have the sense to learn
To keep the coin he fought to earn.
One who fails not to meet a test
And one who always does his best.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing.

"THE PUNCHING BAG KID'S LAST STAND"

By Harold C. Burr

THE Punching Bag Kid was taking his gruel
And it wasn't an easy feat
As he weaved to his corner and flopped on his stool
His face was just like raw, red meat
But the Punching Bag Kid he whimpered not
If his brain was fuzzy and eyesight black
He was paid ten dollars for what he got
And the Kid sure loved his piece o'jack.

OUT for the fifth swayed that good game guy
Blam! And a soggy glove pegged home
He pawed with his hand to shield his eye
Then struck the canvas and lay there prone
Down in a box sat the Kid's new doll
Now she was dancing in frenzied fright
"Oh, Kid, get up!" she screamed. "It's Poll.
I was only stalling you off last night

THE Punching Bag Kid got the gist of her plea
He thought he was crazy from blood and pain
But he writhed on the rosin—up on one knee
Then back on his props again!
The Punching Bag Kid sat pawing the air
Wasn't that gong ever going to sound?
He'd get Skunk Macy then and there
In that sixth and final round

THE Punching Bag Kid kicked over his stool
While the crowd let loose a mighty roar
He swung just once, and Skunk like a fool
Stopped that haymaker flush on the jaw
The Punching Bag Kid ducked the lowermost rope
Poll, watching him coming, didn't flinch
Beyond where reporters scribbled their dope
The Kid went into a lifelong clinch.

NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Walk Miller, manager of Tiger Flowers, and his brother Burt are now in the promoting end of the game in Atlanta. Miller hopes to revive enough interest in the boing racket to keep the boys going and getting the crowds interested so that a promoter will operate at a profit.

His initial show will soon get started and the Millers are in high hopes of continuing all through the year with some good fistic entertainments; here is hoping they will succeed.

Walk Miller has unearthed a freak heavyweight and according to Walk he hopes some day to have this boy in a place where Harry Wills has been in the pugilistic world. Somewhere from the sticks comes this boy who answers to the name of Clark; he is of a charcoal tint and Miller proclaims him one of the greatest heavyweight prospects of the era.

Battling Finch, Savannah light-heavy defeated Frankie Busch in a ten round bout. Finch later journeyed to West Palm Beach, where he polished off Pete Stamaty in the seventh round of a ten round bout.

Finch is one of the greatest natural hitters in the ring game today. With a little added ring experience, his manager, Ed Alexander, hopes to have him battling for titular honors.

Larry Avera has been idle on account of illness in his family, according to Billy Lotz, the blond welter will start things off with a rush and make up for loss of time.

Pinkie May, Savannah bantam, had the misfortune of losing what started off like a winning fight for the Savannah midget, Johnny Moore and May were mixing matters at a lively clip when May accidentally hit Moore a low blow and Moore was unable to continue. The referee awarded Moore the fight on a foul. According to Alexander, Moore weighed in at 119 pounds, one pound above the bantam limit and May's belt, which he is holding for the southern bantam title, was not at stake.

Judge Horning is making great headway in his comeback. The Lanky Georgian scored two knockouts over fairly tough battlers; his first kayo win was over Soldier Brener in the eighth round, and the other victim was Roy Potter of Jacksonville, Horning stopping him in two rounds.

Pinkie May made short work over Johnny Segarua of Las Angeles in a Charleston, S. C. ring when the Georgia Midget scored a two round K. O. over the California battler.

MINNESOTA BOXING NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

Mike Mandell is back again in shape after being laid up with an injured knee. Mike has bouts pending in Minneapolis, Mason City and Ironwood, and his manager expects to keep him busy, barring accidents, until spring rolls around again.

Mike Collins, the Minneapolis promoter has started an elimination tourney to decide state champions in each class. In his first show he featured Stewart McLean and Ernie Fliegel for the featherweight title and Fliegel won easily. However, there are a number of ambitious youngsters on his trail in Mickey Andert, Wildcat Eddie Mason, Benny Ray, Jackie Cameron and Soldier De Rose. His next show will feature My Sullivan and Jackie Conway for the welterweight championship, which Sullivan should win.

Billy Light, whose manager advertises as "The fastest boxer in Minnesota," is claiming the junior welterweight title because nobody will fight him. Mike Collins has tried repeatedly to secure someone within the state to mix with Light, but without success. He plans on bringing in outside talent for him for his next show in January.

Britt Gorman, Minneapolis flyweight, is coming along nicely. The little harp is winning all of his fights and will be heard from some day.

Wildcat Eddie Mason is booked to fight Johnny Hopfinger in Oshkosh for January. This little Italian who trains on spaghetti is getting of plenty of offers since he beat Sailor Larson at Cedar Rapids and is beginning to attract attention.

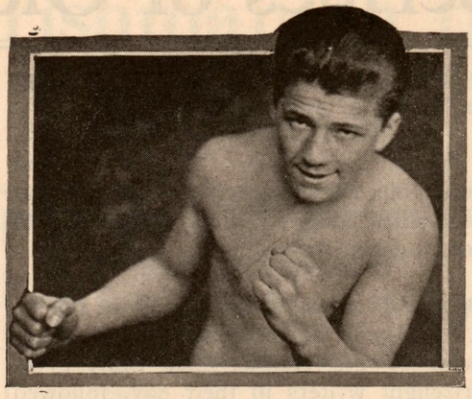
George Temple has joined forces with Mike McNulty at Detroit and has Benny Ray with him. Ray is a pleasing fighter and should go well.

Hank Bauer has a good young lightweight in Red Duffy. His fights with Jack King were hurricane affairs and Bauer is handling him great.

My Sullivan, Johnny Salvator's crack welterweight, is going to invade Chicago soon and the boys in the Windy City are going to see a sweet piece of fighting machinery when he starts. Sully can box, hit and take them and we predict a lot for him.

Morrie Gransberg is back from Chicago, where he won a number of fights. He fights Paul Wangley next and should win.

LIGHTWEIGHT ASPIRANT



Bobby Smith, Chicago's future lightweight champion, a recent graduate of the amateur ranks, who is going over big. Bobby will be a leading contender for the lightweight title very soon.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA JOTTINGS

By TOMMY NELSON

In Los Angeles, at the Manhattan gymnasium, we saw Kid Broad, who at one time was regarded as one of the toughest lightweights in the world and earned the name of the Iron Man of the prize ring, the kid fought the best in the game. Today he is blind in one eye and is broke.

In San Pedro we have a few veterans of the Twenty-round days. Some are broke; some have some kind of business. Here are a few: Billy Cappelli was a wise old bird, fought Joe Rivers in Vernon. He never cared for the Bright Lights. Today he has plenty.

Jackie Normand of Brooklyn, who knocked out Pepper Martin in four rounds, works as an agent for the Times at San Pedro.

Kid Miller, a bantamweight of the years 1908 to 1917, has money and works as salesman.

Yellow Kid, who used to lick every new policeman in 1917, is a stevedore foreman on the water front.

One Round Smith boxed Jim Cameron, Pete Everett, Congo Kid, and others, owns a shoe shine parlor in San Pedro.

Joe Fisher, ex-lightweight champion of the U. S. Navy, is well fixed.

Soldier Nelson of Boston, Mass., who lost to Jimmy Clabby in 20 rounds in 1906, runs the Grand Pool Hall at San Pedro.

Spider Huff, in 1910, came to California with Freddy Welch, and fought Cyclone Johnny Thompson, a 25-round draw, and Terry McGovern a 10-round draw. Montana Kid, 15 rounds, owns a dry goods store.

English Freddy Welch, lightweight champion of the English Navy, who once boxed Jimmy Wilde, is employed as a janitor.

Jack Reich, also boxed Joe Mandot and many others in the years of 1916 to 1919, is writing sports.

IN IOWA RINGS

By BOB WAGNER

Glen Lage, middlewest welterweight, has been making good his claim as a contender for Pete Latzo's title. The flashy Iowa welter has engaged in sixty-five fights and lost but four decisions.

Roscoe Hall, medical student and boxing instructor at Iowa University, won a four round decision over Pee Wee Jensan at Denver. The Iowa lightweight is under the management of Clyde Hudkins.

Louie Mays and Jimmie Ryan, both welterweights of Des Moines, boxed eight rounds at Des Moines. Mays' strong finish in the final round won him a shade.

Dave Fidler has taken over the affairs of the Johnson A. C. at Des Moines, Iowa, and is running shows there each week. Fidler also acts as matchmaker for the Iowa A. C.

Elmer Leonard, Des Moines lightweight, beat Tut Jackson of Mason City, Iowa, in eight rounds at Des Moines.

Plans are under way to introduce a bill that will put boxing on a legal basis in Iowa.

Maurice Cohen, matchmaker for the American Legion at Waterloo, Iowa, was forced to call off the Jimmy Delaney and Young Stribling fight. Cohen was unable to secure a building that would accommodate the crowd.

FLORIDA WEST COAST NEWS

By TAMPA THOMAS

There seems to be an epidemic of bad decisions in Tampa. The result is that Jim Downing is contemplating inaugurating the "No decision" rule at Benjamin Field. Recently Al Van Ryan, St. Paul welterweight, was imported here to mingle with Julian Jim Moran, Spanish welterweight. Moran was outpointed in eight of the ten rounds. To the surprise of all those present the three judges rendered the verdict in favor of the Spaniard.

There is a slump in the boxing game all through the state and promoters are in hopes of attendance picking up once the season is in full bloom. Reports from the East Coast are that the game is a losing one. Some of the boys who made the journey to Miami and Palm Beach claim that the gate receipts are way off there.

CUBAN NOTES

By MILTON BARON

The biggest upset was the knock out of Genaro Pino, flyweight and bantamweight champion of Cuba, by Max Abelson's comer, Tony Leto of Tampa. Leto played a return engagement and met a tartar in Petey Sarron, formerly of Birmingham. They battled a hectic draw.

The writer accompanied "Cowboy" Frankie Osner of Tulsa, Okla., to Havana, Cuba, where the popular Miami favorite lost a close decision to Armando Shakels of Belgium, in a furious 12 rounder. Probable due to the holiday season, the contest fell below expectations financially.

We were again accorded a great reception by our numerous Cuban friends. Renewing friendships with Luis "Pincho" Gutierrez, and Frank Saurez, the new promoters; Pepe Conte, Joe Massaguer, Adolfo Font, M. de la Hoya, sports editors; Referee Fernando Rios, and members of the National Boxing Commission of Cuba, including Pres. Enrique Recio, Berardo Valdes, Herberto Vazquez, and others was a treat.

Enrique Valdes, the great little flyweight boxer of Havana, who has been ill since the hurricane that hit Cuba, will from present indications start his U. S. tour at Miami on January 15. Hugh Martin, matchmaker of Miami, has first call on the youth's services. Incidentally, Havana shows no scars from their recent big wind.

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ANOTHER CORNER

FRED LEWIS

ALBANY BOXING NOTES
By DAVID BRAY

Pete Petrolle—brother of the Fargo Express—is training with Bushey Graham. Petrolle is one of the most sought for lightweights in this section—always pleases.

Ray Page of Albany, formerly of Buffalo, is now under the management of Jimmie Betts of Albany. He is a big card at the Knickerbocker Club of Albany. Ray is boxing Charley Eck of Syracuse in a return bout at the Albany Club.

Bill Parr, hustling manager of Bushey Graham, has many offers for his bantam sensation.

Jimmie Betts has one of the most pleasing and sensational of the welterweight contenders in Billy Leonard of Syracuse, who has boxed all the best welters in the country. Leonard, in his last shindy at Williamsport, Pa., won on a foul over Young Jack Dempsey of Philadelphia. Betts expects to have Billy Leonard boxing Sergeant Sammy Baker or Willie Harmon in the Garden early in January.

MEXICO AND SOUTHWEST
By SENOR EL

A new boxing arena is being built at Laredo, Texas, which will be completed in February. The opening show to be featured with a twelve round bout between Kid Josenio, welterweight champion of the border and either Dummy Mahan or Herman Kid Rich.

San Antonio, one of the best fight centers of the Southwest, has been getting bantamweighted to death. With plenty of good boys in other classes, the promotors insist on using the little fellows, regardless of whether the fans like it or not.

There will be no more boxing at Houston, Texas, for a while. The city fathers decided to put the lid on the game for no given reason. The last bout held there being between Kid Gilbert and Frankie Allen.

Kid Reyes, who manages the best string of boxers in the Southwest, including Dan Navarro, Mexican middleweight, champ, Kid Josenio, welterweight sensation; Jobby Fernandez, Mexican featherweight champ, and Al Mayen, Jr., lightweight, would like to hear from some promoters throughout the Southwest. Address Kid Reyes, care La Prenza, 120 N. Santa Rosa St., San Antonio, Texas.

Lee Cavanaugh Montana, lightweight, is at present laid up with pneumonia and when fully recovered will be seen throughout the Southwest. Lee has held his own with such boys as Clyde Hull, Bo Palmer, Puggy Morton, Bruce Montgomery, K. O. Adams, Terry Mitchell and others.

Rumor has it that the boxing game will be legalized in Texas. Let us hope this is true, as a Boxing Commission can do the game a world of good.

Al Mayer would like to meet Earl McArthur at the Ft. Sam Houston Auditorium. This would make a corking fight. A fast moving, sharp hitting boxer against a slugger.

IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISK

Another port for the good ship Cauliflower has been opened in California. Heretofore without a respectable show place, San Francisco gets two fine homes at once—the Civic Auditorium and the State Armory. Like the Olympic in Los Angeles, the Auditorium cares for a comfortable 15,000 and will house the big offerings. The Armory seats 8,000. The Auditorium dates will be shared in turn by all promoters.

Talk about upsets! Eddie Roberts' kayo of Joe Dundee in Frisco was about the most violent. So-called wise money made Dundee a 4 and 5 to 1 favorite and even money to score a knockout. About $4,000 worth of fans considered the match deserving of their time.

Oakland fans, 10,000 strong, turned out for the Jimmy Duffy-Johnny Burns battle. Burns was a slight favorite but lost, after ten hectic rounds, to the mare experienced Duffy.

The easiest way to start an argument in Los Angeles is to talk Ace Hudkins to an admirer of Mushy Callahan or Callahan to a Hudkins booster. Ace and Mushy as lightweights won their first spurs in Los Angeles and a match now with Callahan's junior welterweight title at stake would attract a $65,000 gate. Never have the fans been divided into two such hostile factions.

A stubby little lightweight from Mineapolis, King Tut, if you please—had the misfortune of being matched with a better boy in his first start in Los Angeles. The King lost to Jackie Fields. Against boys of his own stature Tut would be quite a treat.

Jackie Fields after the King Tut battle proceeded to San Francisco and kayoed what was left of game old Jack Silver.

From Chicago—Russ Whalen—he came, he conquered and he contracted the w.k. illness.

Harry Kid Brown a lightweight from the City of Brotherly Love, earned for himself a serving of white meat for his next go. The Kid made hash out of two helpings of the dark, winning from Baby Joe Gans and Young Harry Wills in Los Angeles.

NEWS OF PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS J. KAUFMANN

Johnny Jadick, Kensington featherweight, is stepping along at a lively clip. Up in the Cambria A. A. section they regard Jadick as one of the best boys his weight in the country.

Len Herring, former Middle Atlantic A. A. U. light heavyweight champion, since turning pro. has turned in a good record. His victims include Ray Lawler (twice), Joe Lill, and Bobby Evans.

Pacific Coast atmosphere did not agree with Eddie (Kid) Wagner, who has returned to his home in Phillie. Harry (Kid) Brown and Danny Kramer, other members of Max Hoff's stable, who went to the coast, have been winning bouts out there. As soon as he regains his health, Wagner plans another coast trip.

Bobby Barrett (The Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde) of the Philadelphia ring, either gets put away or stows his opponents to sleep. One of his latest knockout victories was against George Jackson the New Yorker.

Willie Joyce, promising Greys Ferry battler, has been training hard during the indoor season. He recently met Danny Fields at Al Nash's Olympic Club.

Matt Adgie, the "Fighting Ice Man" from West Philadelphia, who signed up with Max Hoff some time ago, put his signature to a new life time contract when he celebrated his twenty-first birthday, Dec. 23.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By SOX PINTO

Although apparently out from a right hand to the chin given him in the second round by Jackie Hindle of Camden, Tommy Kid Murphy of Trenton came back in the following rounds to win the newspaper decision.

After a rest of two months, Joe Reno, popular welterweight of Trenton, will swing back in action when he takes on Jesse Goss at the local arena. Reno has several bouts pending.

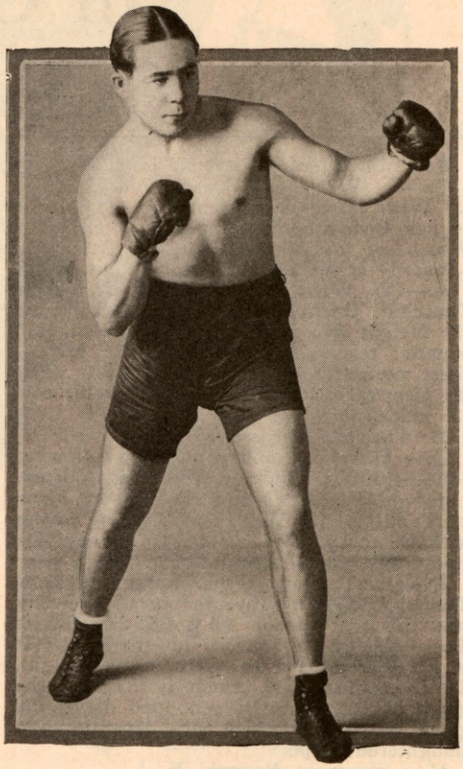
Eddie O'Dowd and Johnny Reed put on a miserable ten round bout. It looked as though O'Dowd wasn't trying. There were only a handful of people present. Maybe that was the reason. Young Terry and Jake Kilrain both from Trenton saved the show. Young Terry won the newspaper decision. He looks like a very good fighter.

Willie Beetle, Trenton lightweight, beat Teddy Welsh in a ten round windup. Betel scored two knockdowns. Both judges gave the fight to him.

Bushy Brooks won his first professional bout by beating Young Carroll in a six round bout at the Trenton arena.

Boxing has been at a very low ebb the last year in Trenton. The promoters have been using out of town boys in preference to local boys. They found it didn't pay, so in the last few weeks they tried to get some local matches but were unsuccessful and have thrown up the sponge.

A RISING YOUNGSTER



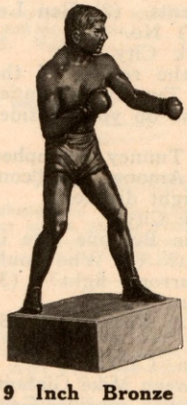
FRANKIE FINK

AUSTRALIA NOTES
By R. A. CUMES

Sunny Jim Williams, negro American middleweight, states that his earning capacity in America was very small. Not that Sunny hasn't class enough, but because the topnotchers kept well clear of him. He is well pleased, however, with the way he's been treated in Australia.

The French contingent managed by Leon See have not proved successful in this country and certainly have not justified the many good things said of them prior to their arrival here. Laffineur is the pick of the bunch and apart from being a good strong fighter, he is nothing more. Billy Edwards licked him in ten rounds by a knockout.

Billy Grime still continues on his winning way. His latest victim, Pedro Camp, hails from the Philippines.



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In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Bob Metz, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—(1) Where can I reach Tod Morgan? (2) What are his measurements? (3) Could he lick Benny Leonard or Abe Attell? (4) Which of the three—Morgan, Attell or Leonard—is the best all around fighter?

A.—(1) Write him in care of Frank Churchill, Garrick Theatre Bldg., Chicago. (2) Height five feet six inches; weight 130 pounds; reach 71 inches; neck 14 inches; chest normal 34; chest expanded 36; waist 28; biceps 11; forearm 10½; thigh 19; calf 13; ankle 8¼. (3) No. (4) Attell.

M. Farley, Lancaster, Pa.

Q.—(1) Who would win in the following bouts—Wills vs. Tunney, Wills vs. Godfrey, Latzo vs. Walker, Munn vs. Persson, Firpo vs. Tunney? (2) Was there anything wrong with Dempsey when he fought Tunney? Do you think it was a frame-up?

A.—(1) Tunney, Wills, Latzo, Persson, Tunney. (2) Three years out of the ring was the real reason why he was licked. The fight was absolutely on the level. It is very, very hard to prove a fixed fight. Tunney didn't have much to beat in the ghost of the man who chopped down the giant Willard, knocked out Carpentier and slaughtered Firpo.

Max Sherman, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Did the fighters of old use brass knuckles in the ring?

A.—Answering a question like this floods our mail with anonymous letters. To be on the safe side we'll say yes and no. We have been told that some of the boys in years past slipped slugs in their gloves. We know of some cases but it's libellous to print the names of the thugs for the good reason that we can't prove it. Even today many of the so-called high class pugs attempt to use something like brass knuckles. But it is not a common practise.

Len Zinberg, New York City.

Q.—(1) How much does it cost to become a member of the A. A. U.? (2) To whom shall I apply? (3) Do you have to be over sixteen years of age?

A.—(1) Twenty-five cents. (2) Ben Levine, 305 Broadway. (3) No.

Paul Droin, New York City.

Q.—(1) What were the results of the Gibbons-Carpentier and Tunney-Carpentier fights? (2) In what class do you consider Jack Renault?

A.—(1) Gibbons and Tunney triumphed over Carpentier. (2) Among the "contenders" in the heavyweight divisions.

Bob Carone, New York City.

Q.—(1) How does Vic Burrone rate in the bantamweight division? (2) Who would win in a Rosenberg-Burrone fight? (3) What is Burrone's nationality?

A.—(1) Very good. (2) Rosenberg. (3) Italian-American.

A. Broun, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Q.—(1) Who won between Mike Gibbons and Les Darcy? (2) Do you consider Gene Tunney a real champion? Could Delaney whip him? If Dempsey fought Tunney again who would win? (3) How do you rate Billy White who fought Kid Kaplan? Is he a hard puncher?

A.—They never fought. (2) No. Delaney can whip him. If Dempsey can get himself into shape he will retrieve his laurels. (3) White is a dangerous man in the lightweight division. He is a terrific hitter.

Louis Seisig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who would win in the following bouts—Delaney vs. Tunney, Berlenbach vs. Tunney, Perrson vs. Monte Munn?

A.—Delaney, Tunney, Persson.

Philip Clurglass, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Where does Joe Dundee live? (2) Who would win in the following bouts—Benny Bass vs. Carl Duane, Sammy Dorfman vs. Tony Canzoneri, Yale Okun vs. Monte Munn?

A.—(1) Baltimore, Md. (2) Duane, Canzoneri. Okun is too light for Munn.

Edward Meyer, Astoria, L. I.

Q.—How old must I be to become an amateur boxer?

A.—Over sixteen years.

Fight Fan, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—Could Delaney beat Tunney? Will they ever fight?

A.—Yes. It is up to Tunney to sign on the dotted line.

James Koudounes, New York City.

Q.—What were the results of the three Delaney-Berlenbach fights?

A.—Delaney knocked out Berlenbach in the first fight; Berlenbach received the decision in the second, and Delaney dethroned Paul as light heavyweight champion in their third meeting. The first scrap was held in the old Garden, the second at the new Garden and the third at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn.

Boxing Fan, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Did Fitzsimmons and Corbett fight on March 17, 1897? (2) In what round did Jess Willard kill his opponent? When and who was he?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Eleven, August, 22, 1913, Bull Young.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—Who would win in the following contests—Bernstein vs. Hudkins, Delaney vs. Levinsky, Joe Dundee vs. Benny Leonard?

A.—Hudkins, Delaney, Leonard.

John MacInnis, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Have you ever heard of Rod MacDonald from Nova Scotia, Canada and Roy Mitchell? (2) Was Greb a good fighter? What were the results of his fights with Bill Brennan and Charley Weinert. (3) Could Weinert defeat Bill Brennan?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Marvellous fighter. Whipped both Brennan and Weinert in fifteen rounds each. (3) Yes.

Al Messineo, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Why doesn't Eddie Shea ever fight in New York? How does he rate with eastern fighters? Is Ace Hudkins considered a clean fighter" (2) Has Tony Canzoneri a chance to become a world champion? (3) Is there anything lacking in his makeup? How old is he?

A.—(1) Ask Jim Farley, chairman New York Boxing Commission, he knows. He is a dangerous proposition in the featherweight division. (2) Yes. (3) Yes. No. Just turned twenty-one.

Vere Hodge, Sacramento, Cal.

Q.—Who are some good fighters Tunney has defeated?

A.—Jack Dempsey, Harry Greb, Georges Carpentier, Erminio Spalla, Tom Gibbons, Bob Martin, Battling Levinsky, Chuck Wiggins, Bartley Madden, Italian Jack Herman, Johnny Risko.

A Ring Reader, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Where can I reach Jack Dempsey by mail?

A.—Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles.

Francis Hitchcock, West Haven, Conn.

Q.—I am fourteen years old and weigh 81 pounds. Am I too young to start training to be a boxer?

A.—No.

A Ring Devotee, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—How much did Jack Delaney weigh when he fought Bob Sage, Bob Fitzsimmons and Johnny Risko?

A.—174, 178, 178 pounds, respectively.

Sherman Mott, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Kindly give me the names of the ten leading men of each division?

A.—Heavyweight, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Jack Delaney, Jim Maloney, Jack Sharkey, Young Stribling, Bud Gorman, Harry Persson, Monte Munn, Arthur De Kuh. Light heavyweight, Jack Delaney, Paul Berlenbach, Mike McTigue, Tommy Loughran, Earl Blue, Maxie Rosenbloom, Martin Burke, Leo Loomski, Yale Okun, Bert Colima, Sailor Byrnes. Middleweight, Tiger Flowers, Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Joe Roche, Mickey Walker, Maxie Rosenbloom, George Courtney, Jack McVey, Johnny Wilson, Jimmy Darrah, Allentown Joe Gans. Welterweight, Pete Latzo, Joe Dundee, Tommy Freeman, Jack Hood, Lew Tendler, Ace Hudkins, Alf Mancini, Andy Divodi, Vince Dundee, Sergeant Sammy Baker. Lightweight: Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell, Hilario Martinez, Baby Joe Gans, Jack Bernstein, Stanislaus Loyaza, Billy Wallace, Billy Petrolle, Les Murray, Sammy Vogel. Junior lightweight: Tod Morgan, Joe Glick, Honeyboy Finnegan, Carl Duane, Babe Herman, Eddie Anderson, Ray Miller, Phil McGraw, Al Winkler, Jimmy McLarnin. Featherweight: Johnny Dundee, Honeyboy Finnegan, Chick Suggs, Eddie Shea, Red Chapman, Sammy Fuller, Joey Sangor, Andre Routis, Tony Canzoneri, Sammy Dorfman. Bantamweight: Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, Bud Taylor, Bushey Graham, Teddy Baldock, Andy Martin, Dominick Petrone, Pete Sarmiento, Johnny Green, Dixie La Hood, Jackie Cohen. Flyweight: Fidel La Barba, Elky Clarke, Frankie Genaro, Newsboy Brown, Joey Ross, Happy Atherton, Ernie Peters, Harry Goldstein, Alex Burley, Dark Cloud.

Manuel Cosmas, Newcastle, Pa.

Q.—(1) Who will be the next flyweight champion of the world? (2) Can Phil McGraw beat Ace Hudkins if they meet again? (3) Who is the present leading lightweight contender?

A.—(1) Elky Clark, of England stands a good chance. (2) No. 3) Sid Terris.

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Was Joe Metranga good in his prime? Did he ever meet Babe Herman. (2) What was the nationality of Tommy Burns?

A.—(1) Yes. Yes. (2) French-Canadian.

M. Resveratine, New York City.

Q.—(1) Is a fighter allowed to fight twice a week? (2) Who are the best bantams, lightweights and middleweights? (3) Who did Tunney win the light heavyweight title from?

A.—(1) Yes but not for sar bouts. (2) Bantams, Charles (Phil) Rosenberg, Bud Taylor, Bushy Graham, Teddy Baldock, Dominick Petrone, Andy Martin, Johnny Green, Pete Sarmiento, Frank Grandetti, Merle Alte, Joe Rivers, Dixie La Hood, Johnny Breslin. Lightweights, Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell, Baby Joe Gans, Hilario Martinez, Jack Bernstein, Jimmy Ryan, Harry Cook, Billy Petrolle, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Les Murray. Middleweights, Tiger Flowers, Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Allentown Joe Gans, Walcott Langford, Jack Malone, Johnny Wilson, Maxie Rosenbloom, Mickey Walker, George Courtney, Jack McVey, Jimmy Darrah, Walter Hogan. (3) Battling Levinsky.

Does a Game Man Ever Quit?

History Proves That Boxers Possessing Grit Seldom Cry "Enough"

By JESS McMAHON

A FEW months ago, the fistic world was amazed at the news that one of the gamest fighters of current ring history, Johnny Grosso by name, was floored 17 times before his handlers threw in the sponge acknowledging defeat. It will be recalled that this same fighter, only a few weeks previously had given a wonderful exhibition of gameness in his bout with Jack DeMave.

Floored 17 times in one contest! Just think of it. What fighting spirit a man must have when, though so far outclassed, he refuses to acknowledge that he is whipped! Fighting to the very last ditch,—that is just like Grosso. He typifies many others of the present day boxers who, battered from pillar to post, stick to their guns until nature calls a halt.

The defeat of Grosso by Italian Jack Herman recalls a discussion we participated in some time ago regarding the question: "Does a Game Man Ever Quit?"

Our answer is no! We don't believe there is a fighter with real fighting blood in his veins, who does not feel that he still has a chance to score a victory while he is on his feet. However hopeless his chance may seem to the onlookers, he cannot be convinced that his opponent is his master unless he is knocked out, or battered into helplessness. We recall many a battle where a fellow seemed on the verge of a knockout in the early part of the contest and then emerged the victor either through the one punch route or a verdict.

Dempsey Against Firpo

Take the case of Jack Dempsey in his bout with Luis Firpo. How many men would have come back, as did Dempsey, if they did not possess the greatest attribute of a real fighter—gameness? The Gibbons-Carpentier, the Leonard-Ritchie Mitchell bout, the Dundee-Criqui contest, the Tendler-Leonard bouts—all were exhibitions of gameness to the greatest degree.

A real game man will never quit. Ring history proves that. No greater exhibition of this is recorded in ring records than in the fight between Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons. Dempsey, badly whipped, his features battered to a pulp, was entreated to quit, yet his answer to Fitz's merciful words were: "Come on and fight!"

Fitz tried time and again to halt the punishment, but to no avail until he finally knocked out his game opponent in the 13th round.

Take the case of battling Nelson. No gamer fighter ever graced the ring. He fought doggedly, never gave an inch regardless of the punishment he received and never knew the word "quit" In his bout with Ad Wolgast he was punished severely; in fact, he received the worst beating of his ring career, yet despite the repeated entreaties of Referee Smith, Nelson refused to give up. He fought on until the 40th round, when the contest was stopped to prevent Nelson from obtaining more punishment.

When he walked to his corner, his face looked anything but human. He could hardly keep his feet from doubling under him, yet he figured he still had a chance to win and refused to give in.

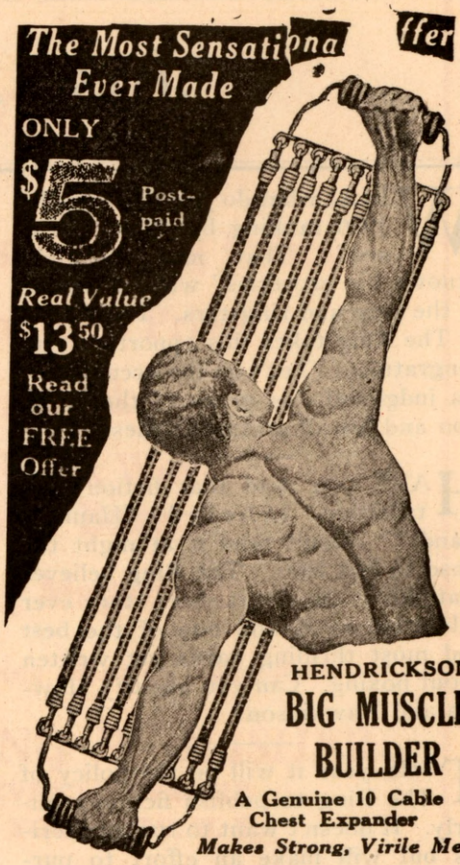
Jeanette Down 25 Times

The Sam McVey-Joe Jeanette bout in Paris presents a case similar in many respects to the Grosso-Herman battle, in which Grosso went down 17 times and Herman twice. In the Jeanette-McVey tilt, Joe was floored 25 times, yet he arose after each knockdown and succeeded in outgaming McVey.

Sam, tired, scarcely able to move his hands, retired at the end of the 41st round and Jeanette was declared the winner despite his many visits to the mat.

"I can't lick you, Joe," said McVey when he quit. "'cause you ain't human and you don't know when you're licked."

A really game fighter would sooner be carried out of the ring feet first than quit of his own accord or have his seconds throw in the sponge. Courage is a great fighting asset but gameness overdone may lead to a fatality hence should not be encouraged.



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Just Among Ourselves

WELL, what do you think of the 1926 ranking by "Tex" Rickard? That man certainly "knows his groceries" when it comes to the ring and ringsters. The Editor of The Ring takes this opportunity to congratulate "Tex" on the accuracy of his judgment, his grasp of the situation and his all around fairness.

HAVE you read that fiction contribution labeled "Haunted Hands?" Don't read it at night too close to bed time. The Ring believes that this is the finest short story ever submitted to it and one of the best and most thrilling yarns yet written about boxing. Can you identify Howton and Hawkinson?

THIS year it will be the policy of The Ring to publish fiction regularly. It doesn't want to run any serials but will make an effort to purchase short stories which do not run over with the so-called love interest.

THE series on greatest fighters of all time in each class, which has been running for the past year, has been oneof the most interesting ever conducted in The Ring. The Editor has something new up his sleeve for 1927—a series which will outdo even the 1926 one in general color.

IF you see anything in The Ring which you do not like, if you have any suggestion which you believe would make this magazine better let The Ring know about it. We get plenty of praise and not enough criticisms.

CONTRADICTS PADDY MULLINS

"Allow me to contradict the statement made by Paddy Mullens in the November issue of "The Ring." He says that Mike O'Dowd is the greatest middleweight the world has produced and bases his claim on O'Dowd's performance against Knockout Brown. The latter, so Mullins states, whipped Les Darcy. Evidently Mullens knows little concerning the two battles provided by Les Darcy (a champion) and Knockout Brown (a second rater in comparison). For his information and for 'Ring' readers in general let me supply a few remarks made by various experts after the contests. First of all let me give Brown's own words after the battles. Said Brown, 'I have no excuse to offer for my defeat. I was in perfect condition—never better in my life—and was beaten fairly by a better man." "Once when he hit me in the body I thought his hand went through me."

The second battle was a farce. Brown entered the ring with but one idea—to see the full journey out and he did nothing but hug Darcy throughout the whole bout. Knockout Brown was a tough fighter when he met Darcy, but to compare him with Les is foolish. He wasn't even a good sparring partner for the Australian. Brown was at the peak of his career when he faced Darcy in 1916. Four years later when he faced O'Dowd, the Greek was done and at the end of his tether. O'Dowd lick Darcy? Not a bagful of them. Stick to the truth, Mr. Mullins.

R. A. Cumes. Australia.

A BOOST FOR DEMPSEY

IT is peculiar but true that the deeds of long ago seem to have more glamor and romance than things going on in our own day. This statement is true in all lines of endeavor, but particularly in boxing. Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Corbett, Gans, Ketchell. Attel—these are only a few of the old masters, and when we try to compare some of our present day ringsters with them, it seems like a sacrilege. Time has lent a glamor to these great battles of bygone days, while the modern ringmen who are still with us are not appreciated.

But getting away from all this, it is our firm belief that in Dempsey and Leonard we had two modern exponents who ranked with the best.

"During his meteoric rise, Dempsey disposed of many formidable ringmen, and to his powerful punch can be attributed the fact that he has disposed of over sixty per cent of his opponents, via the KO route, which is really a marvellous record. Battling Levinsky, Gunboat Smith, Billy Miske, Bill Brennan and Georges Carpentier fell before his terrific onslaughts. The above fighters without exception were all top-notchers, and in order to dispose of any of them one needed all the requisites of a truly great fighter.

"Dempsey accomplished this to every one's satisfaction for he K. O'd Levinsky in three rounds, a feat which had baffled all the leading fighters in the world up to that time, dealt Billy Miske a crushing K. O., a feat which was never duplicated before or since, and disposed of Carpentier, Brennan and Smith in convincing style. Dempsey reached the peak of his form on the day that he annihilated the giant Jess Willard, and his gradual decline reached a climax when he was outclassed by Gene Tunney. Previous to winning the title, he had fought at frequent intervals, but after his ambition had been gratified his appearances were few and far between, and this naturally started on the decline one of the greatest fighters who ever trod the resin canvas.

"We have no hesitation in naming Leonard as the greatest lightweight of all time, a fighter who possessed all the attributes that go to make a great champ. Since the lightweight division was created quite a stretch back, such great fighters as Jack McAuliffe, Joe Gans, Kid Lavigne and Battling Nelson have been at the helm of affairs for various periods, but Leonard's record is more imposing.

Maurice Sair,
341 Burrows Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.

IN RE POLISH AND RUSSIAN BOXERS

MICHAEL ZYLA, of Utica, N. Y., takes his pen in hand to rap Francis Albertanti with the silly assertion that The Ring writer plays nationality favoritism in his answers to questions. Albertanti has been writing boxing for fifteen years and this is the first time that such a nasty accusation has been levelled at him.

Zyla's letter follows:

"I am a reader of the Ring, also a subscriber. I wish to correct your answer which appeared in the November issue. The following was the question: Are there any Polish or Russian boxers and who are they? The answer—Not prominent at present.

"What nationality is Jack Sharkey, who recently trimmed Harry Wills. How about Pete Latzo, welterweight champion. Of course, you know all about Joe Dundee because he's an Italian but you never heard of Pete Latzo, Johnny Kochanksy, Jack Zivic, Joey Celmars, Leo Lomski, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Johnny Risko and Allentown Johnny Leonard.

"These are through with the game but probably you never heard of them: Stanley Ketchel, the best middleweight the world ever produced not barring Bob Fitzsimmons. Johnny Buff, who held two titles one American flyweight champion. The world bantamweight championship. Andy Chaney, etc.

"Hoping that you will give that reader that asked you a different and better answer and hoping that you will give the Polish fighters as much credit in your magazine as you do the Italian fighters whom I think you favor too much."

CAN'T SEE JACK DELANEY

Writing to Francis Albertanti from Portland, Me., under date of November 22, P. Herman, of 28 A Street, that city, disagrees with The Ring expert on his predictions on forthcoming fights. He pens the following:

"I have read the Question Box in The Ring the last few months and surely enjoy it. I hate to contradict you but in a few of your selections I do not agree with you.

"I can't see where you pick Jack Delaney to beat Gene Tunney. Although they are the same type of fighters I think that Tunney can outbox him. I also figure if Walker and Leonard ever boxed when they were in their prime I should pick Walker to win. I notice you pick the boys who were just fighting around New York for your selections. What's the matter with Tommy Herman? He could take Babe Herman and Frankie Fink.

"I see where you are almost sure Joe Dundee will beat Pete Latzo. Dundee only fought one smart fighter in his whole career and that was Walker. I think Walker can stop him now. His kid brother Vince Dundee will make good. I think he will beat Andy Divodi the next time they box."

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT

"I DESIRE to thank you for inserting my notes in your wonderful paper. Believe me I consider "The Ring" the finest and most up-to-date boxing journal obtainable. There is no finer medium for the uplifting of a sport than the newspaper. Again the newspaper can be such that it lowers the standard of a sport. It's a fact we are judged by what we say and the words we use.

"Everything seen in 'The Ring' is clean and above reproach. It is a paper that must have a good influence on the sport. Having as it has readers in every part of the globe. Those readers are learning, through your valuable magazine the only way to keep the boxing game on the high tide of prosperity. You are doing a great work for this particular sport. Finally you have a volume that is as far above its contemporaries as is Gene Tunney to the preliminary fighter.

"To me your paper is perfect. I cannot see it improved upon. A month is certainly a long while to wait. But could a weekly edition be achieved without detracting from the high standard at present being obtained?"

R. A. CUMES,
Kirra, Australia.

LIKES OLD TIMERS

"I have been a faithful reader of your incomparable magazine for a long time and can assure you that the thirty days intervening between each issue look like a year to me.

"Now, nothing gives me so much delight as when I come upon an article about some old-timer. I would suggest an article about Jack and Mike (Twins) Sullivan in a near issue of the RING, with their pictures, if possible.

"To the best, cleanest and most interesting magazine in the whole world.

"ONE OF YOUR FAITHFUL READERS,
"Edmunston, New Brunswick, Canada."

A SCOT SPEAKS UP

"I have been receiving your boxing magazine (THE RING) for some time from a friend who travels between here (Glasgow) and Montreal, Canada. Having read them, I used to lend them to friends, who enjoyed them considerably and I might state that we missed a few monthly copies, so we looked over all the big book stores in Glasgow to obtain your paper, but to our great surprise it was nowhere to be had.

"I notice that THE RING can be bought in London. Well, Mr. Editor, if in London, why not Glasgow, the second city of the Empire, a city that is full of fight fans? Your magazine would meet, I am certain, with ready sale. So now, Sir, I leave this matter in your hands, to supply us with the 'goods.'

"I must not forget to congratulate you on your fairness to our own champ, Tommy Milligan, when he was in America. Tommy, as you will now probably know, mauled Ted Moore in a battle in London, the fight being stopped in the fourteenth round, to save Ted from taking over a bed at the nearest hospital. Milligan could not have been doing himself justice at welterweight, for he is now an entirely different man and I think if he gets a go with Tiger Flowers, I am certain Tiger will get the Flowers.

"We have another great man here in the person of Elky Clark, flyweight champion of Europe, and I have never seen his name mentioned in any respect in your boxing paper. He has beaten all comers over here at the weight, and it is said he will soon pack his bag for America to have a tilt at Labarba's crown.

PETER J. KANE,
Glasgow, Scotland.

HE'S STRONG FOR PICTURES

"Boy! Oh boy!

"What a book you turned out for October, The Dempsey and Tunney fight number! I'm sure sore at Jack for not fighting more often and here's hoping Tunney will fight eleven times a year. The Christmas number is just chock full of fight photos or I would say twelve times a year.

"I have heard that Tunney will not fight again until next summer—putting the Christmas number in the back ground I would say that seems a mighty long time for your magazine to come out again.

"Each book is full of pictures and they can be cut out and hung in your den. You should see mine. I had to buy three copies of the October issue because I wanted to get all the photos.

"Wishing you success, I am,

" A Ring Booster, Chicago, Ill."

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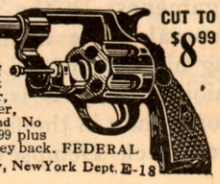
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